Missbehave!

PLAY OUR EATING DISORDER BOARD GAME

SPECIAL REXI EDITION!

MISSBEHAVE

FOR THE FASHION REBEL

omigosh!

Bijou Phillips Blows Up!

56 MUST-GET Plastic Surgeries

collect them all!

GO TEAM CANKLE!

flared jeans are back!

DINA LOHAN MUST BE STOPPED!

MICKEY MOUSE HAPPY OR CRAZY?

plus

ALEC BALDWIN

CASSETTE PLAYA

PETER MAX

NEO-RAVE MAKEUP

AMY WINEHOUSE

U.S. $3.99 CANADA $4.99

06

DISPLAY UNTIL JUNE 25, 2007

NIKITA
WWW.NIKITACLOTHING.COM

Surfer Darlene Connolly • Volvorina Bikini • Summer 2007

CONTENTS

62

gimme

NAIL IT!
Fruit Apocalypse ▸28

GRAPHIC DETAIL
An homage to Peter Max ▸30

KICK FIT
Miami Vice heels ▸32

REPRESENT! REPRESENT!
Mickey Mouse is troubled ▸34

TATTS CREW
Miami Ink's Kat Von D ▸36

LIKE MY STYLE
Little sacs for girls ▸38

THROWBACK
Starter jackets ▸39

PREEN
Hazmat detox ▸40

LIKE MY STYLE
High-waisted jeans ▸41

PREEN
Rave makeup ▸42

UNDERCOVER
Plastic dominatrix ▸43

CHA CHING!
Virtual fantasy bag ▸44

KICK FIT
Trapper Keeper sneakers ▸45

MEETING IN THE LADIES ROOM
Rasputin Cabaret ▸46

LITTLELOCA P.60

ADHD

INTERVENTION
Dina Lohan needs mommy rehab. ▸14

W.T.F.?
Don't Commando, cover that cooter! ▸16

KELIS ON...
Modern Feminism ▸18

WANNA BATTLE?
Oxy Cottontail and Justine D. demystify scumbags ▸20

YASI TRIES... Speed Dating ▸22

FILM SCHOOL
Bloody Mallory is like Buffy. On hallucinogens. ▸24

DILF HUNTER
Alec Baldwin...Dude, he's a Baldwin. ▸26

PETER MAX 30

ISSUE THREE

triple five Soul
triple5soul.com

CONTENTS

STAR SEARCH

HELLZ BELLZ
Streetwear for girls with guts, not sluts ▸48

SANTI WHITE
Takes over, one song at a time ▸49

SARMA
Real raw food ▸50

V.I.P.
Philly rappers spit (and swallow) ▸51

FEATURES

AMY WINEHOUSE
Must be high...on your list of new singers to check out ▸52

DIET BOARD GAME
Choose your own eating disorder, gain killer ribcage ▸57

LITTLELOCA
YouTube chola por vida. Serio. ▸60

BIJOU PHILLIPS
Gets chased by paparazzi and prevails ▸62

Missbehave!
PLAY OUR EATING DISORDER BOARDGAME
SPECIAL REXI EDITION!
MISSBEHAVE
FOR THE FASHION REBEL
omigosh!
Bijou Phillips
Blows Up!
56 MUST-GET Plastic Surgeries
collect them all!
GO TEAM CANKLE!
flared jeans are back!
DINA LOHAN MUST BE STOPPED!
MICKEY MOUSE HAPPY OR CRAZY?
plus
ALEC BALDWIN
CASSETTE PLAYA
PETER MAX
NEO-RAVE MAKEUP
AMY WINEHOUSE

ON THE COVER: BIJOU

PHOTOGRAPHED IN L.A.
BY **RAMONA ROSALES**
FEBRUARY, 2007
STYLING BY **VJERA K.**
MAKEUP BY **REYNA PECOT**
HAIR BY **TAMERA**

ISSUE THREE

FASHION & BEAUTY

BEAUTY STORY
Gaga for Dada ▸68

SACRELIGIOUS SWIMSUITS
Jesus prefers one-pieces FYI ▸72

CASSETTE PLAYA
British invasion in hyper pixilation ▸80

CHEMICAL ROMANCE
Classical gets a caustic makeover ▸88

FASHION BUYER'S GUIDE ▸96

FASHION GRAVEYARD
Pol Pot is dead.
So is our love of skull prints. ▸98

ON JOLI (UPPER LEFT): BLACK SWIMSUIT BY **MARA HOFFMAN**, RED T-SHIRT BY **EVIL GENIUS**

PUMA by MIHARAYASUHIRO

PUMA®
puma.com

contributors

RAMONA ROSALES

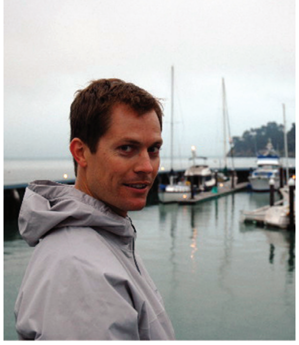
Ramona felt dirty shooting Bijou Phillips paparazzi-style for our cover. Which is understandable. She's also obsessed with people who use photos of their scantily clad girlfriends to sell taxidermy on eBay. Which is slightly less understandable, but upon further musing is totally awesome. This LA lady, who also peddles her goods to *Flaunt, Esquire, Complex, Paper, Good,* Paul Frank Industries, Burger King, and Virgin Mobile, loves margaritas, loves Dolly Parton, and hates Chihuahuas. Ramonarosales.com

ANDREA VON BUJDOSS

We heart Andrea von Bujdoss. This issue, we stole her away from *Mass Appeal* (where she kicks ass as Art Director), so she could paint body art for the Peter Max fashion spread and illustrate "Monotony", our eating disorder board game. This artistic Brooklynite quit a lucrative fruit basket-assembling job to get into magazines as the Graphic Designer at *ESPN* magazine. When she isn't studiously and painstakingly creating art and design, she worries her late night will have her falling asleep on the #2 train. superfreshdesign.com

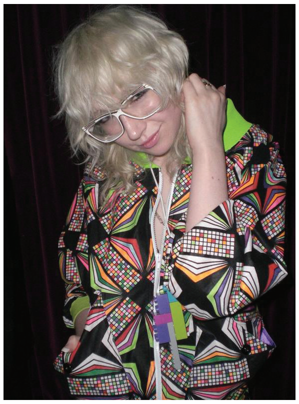
NATHANIEL DRAKE DENVER

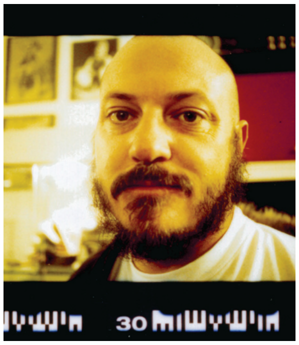
Dimples for miles and elephants to spare, Nate works as an EMT in Los Angeles when he's not out conquering our world. His favorite part about interviewing Bijou Phillips was his vanilla, honey, and peanut butter milkshake. 30-year-old Nate's favorite children's book author is CS Lewis and his favorite booze is milk. If you want a date, you're going to have to buy a Dairy Queen Blizzard for the lactose king… and you'll have to get through us first. Natedenver.com



CASSETTE PLAYA

Cassette Playa a.k.a. Carri Mundane is the British artist and fashion designer behind, "Reel to Reel," a seizure-inducingly bright romp into her noisily pixelated mind. The doyenne of the U.K. neu rave scene contributes to *Super Super* magazine and is M.I.A's stylist. We first fell madly in love with Carri when she sent Sega's Sonic the Hedgehog down the runway during London fashion week.





ESTEVAN ORIOL

Estevan Oriol the photographer, needs little introduction. This LA-based father of four shot our "Throwback," page and counts photographing Faye Dunaway as his worst job to date. As a child, he not only wanted to be a fireman but found a boxful of porno mags that subsequently got him all "f*cked up." He has two clothing lines and directs videos. estevanoriol.com

RAQUEL GRIFFIN

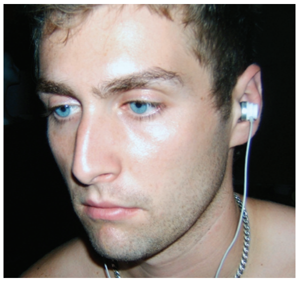
Raquel did a beautiful job styling Shane Nash's swimsuit spread in an abandoned Catholic school. This New Yorker can be found shakin' what her mama gave her or watching *Charlie's Angels* on DVD. She spreads the love to *Trace, Vibe, Oyster, Anthem, Rolling Stone,* and *People*. Raquel was digging on River Phoenix and Smurfette in junior high, but now she's lovin' Zadie Smith and baths. Jaicooper.com

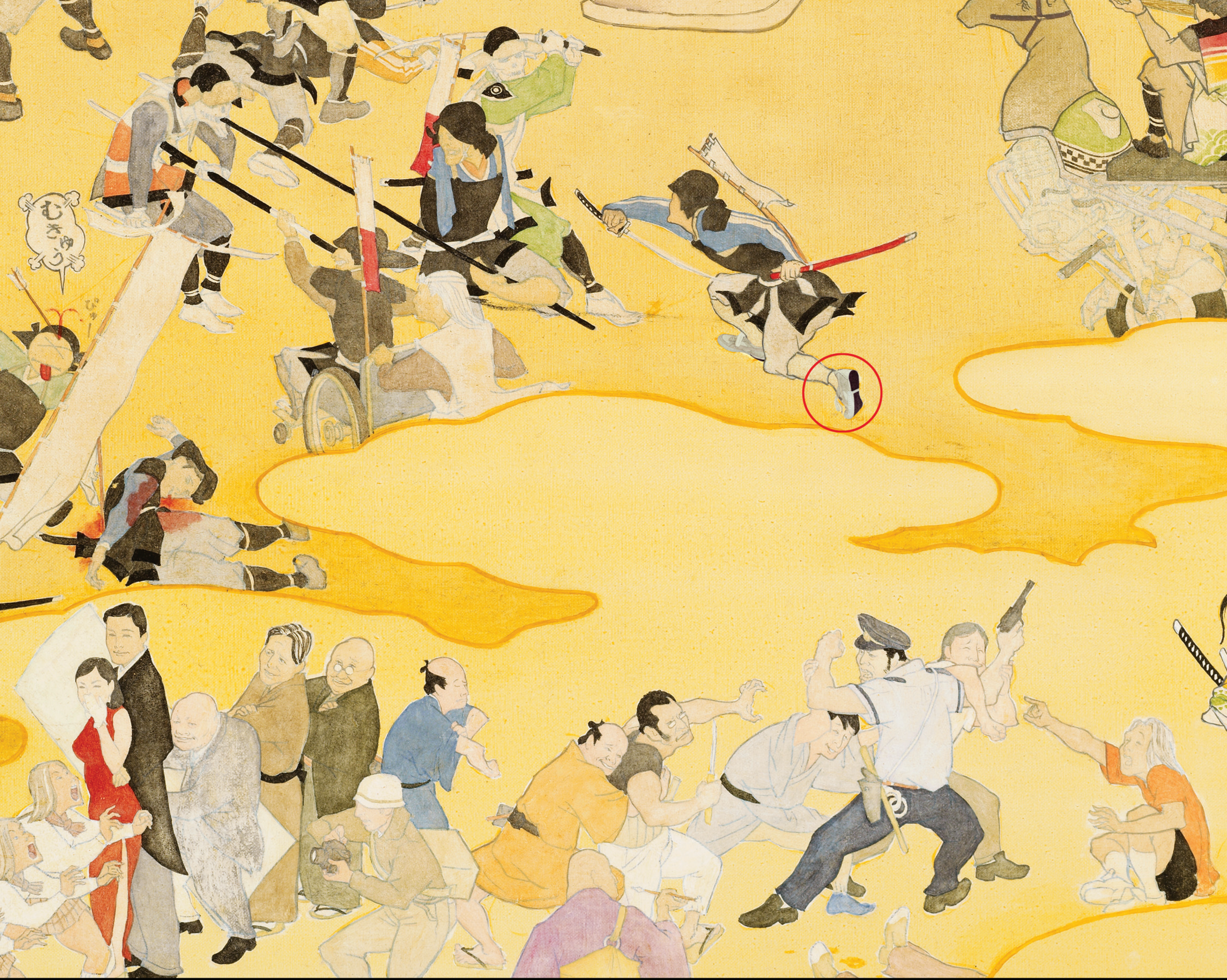
JESSICA JONES

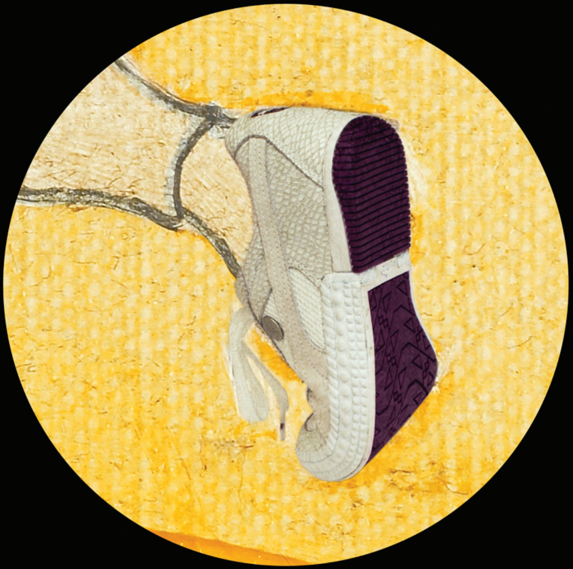
This Bed-Stuy darling braved the "bloody mess" that is Amy Winehouse for this issue of *Missbehave*. Jessica once played Scary Spice at her junior high's air band concert, but these days, she sticks to Midori Sours for a good time. The 23-year-old says, "ew" to kids (clearly has excellent taste), and is still in therapy for her high school mall job working at Hot Dog on a Stick. Those hats alone would turn anyone vegan. For real.

JONATHON KAMBOURIS

This Williamsburg photographer shot our Detox, Sneakers, and *Missbehave* necklace spreads and then kindly gushed about the creative freedom we give him! Jonathon enjoys Chuck Palahniuk books, Legiao Urbana a.k.a. "the Brazilian Morrissey," and is seriously mourning the disappearance of Ace of Base. He shoots for *Nylon, Trace, Slam, TIME OUT NY, Heeb,* and *Mass Appeal.* When the Challenger blew up, he was playing with He-Man and Thundercats. Jonathonkambouris.com







PUMA by MIHARAYASUHIRO

PUMA®
puma.com

RAW
ORGANIC
oneluckyduck.com
everything for the ultimate RAW and ORGANIC lifestyle
Sarma Melngailis circa 1999, founder of oneluckyduck.com

masthead

Founding Editor:
SAMANTHA MOELLER GUILTY PLEASURE: SUDOKU

Editor-In-Chief:
MARY H.K. CHOI GUILTY PLEASURE: NORSE MYTHOLOGY

Creative Director:
SALLY THURER GUILTY PLEASURE: ARTESIAN WATER

Photo Editor:
BROOKE NIPAR GUILTY PLEASURE: MYSPACE LURKING

West Coast Editor:
YASI SALEK GUILTY PLEASURE: ANOREXIA

Japan Editor:
AYA KOURA GUILTY PLEASURE: FULL HOUSE

Editorial Assistant:
OLIVIA ALLIN GUILTY PLEASURE: MSG

Beauty Department:
BETSEY McLAIN GUILTY PLEASURE: TWO-A-DAYS ON MTV
CHRISTINA ZULETA GUILTY PLEASURE: BOTOX

* * *

Publisher:
ADRIAN MOELLER GUILTY PLEASURE: RAINBOW SIX (XBOX)

VP of Sales:
JOANNE CAROLINO GUILTY PLEASURE: WHITE RAPPERS

Account Executives:
KEITH ABRAMS GUILTY PLEASURE: UGLY BETTY
MARK HARRISON GUILTY PLEASURE: '80S MOVIES
JENNIE PACK GUILTY PLEASURE: LOUBOUTIN HEELS
MATT TUCKER GUILTY PLEASURE: POGO.COM

For advertising inquiries, please contact Adrian Moeller: adrian@missbehavemag.com, or call (718) 858-0979 x104

* * *

Columnists:
JUSTINE D., KELIS, OXY COTTONTAIL

Contributing Writers:
ROB BRINK, LARRY CONTI, CAROL DANVERS, REBECCA DE'HORNAY, MAUREEN DEMPSEY, NATE DENVER, MACLEAN JACKSON, JESSICA JONES, MICHAEL MENACHEM, CHRISTY NICHOLSON, REGINA OMBUDSMAN, LOIS SAKANY, CHRISTINA ZULETA

Contributing Photographers:
JAKOB AXELMAN, ANGELA BOATWRIGHT, SIMIAN COATES, CHAD GRIFFITH, AMANDA LOPEZ, SHANE NASH, JONATHAN NESTERUK, EMILY RAWLINGS, RAMONA ROSALES, TODD SELBY, MARGO SILVER, DANIELLE ST. LAURENT, KLAS STROM, JESSE UNTRACHT-OAKNER

Contributing Artists:
FATAL RAINE, ANDREA VON BUJDOSS, MUNCHFLOWER ZAIUS

Interns:
JEANNIE CANTAVE, APRIL COLEY, MICHELE MARTUSCELLO, MARLEY RIZZUTI, MAEVE ROUGHTON, KAROLIN SAAK

Special Thanks:
CASSETTE PLAYA, LIZ BACA, SONA GEVORKIAN, ALLISON MILLER, STEPHEN SCHUSTER, PAUL WALRUS

MISSBEHAVE MAGAZINE
261 VANDERVOORT ST.
SECOND FLOOR
BROOKLYN, NY 11211
PRINTED IN CANADA

TEL: (718) 858-0979
FAX: (718) 486-6311
MISSBEHAVEMAG.COM

MISSBEHAVE MAGAZINE IS ISDN#1932-8044 AND IS PUBLISHED QUARTERLY OUT OF BROOKLYN, NEW YORK. ALL CONTENT IS ©2006, AND MAY NOT BE REPRODUCED WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION. NEWSSTAND DISTRIBUTION THROUGH RCS - TEL: (323) 344-1200. FOR SINGLE COPY SALES CALL 718.858.0979X102

MISSBEHAVE

Look at this picture and tell me it isn't glorious—the hint of areola, the swell of dewy flesh, the sparkle of the *Missbehave* logo. Burn a grain sacrifice and call me idolatrous 'cause I live and die by this golden calf of a magazine. This necklace you see before you? There are only four in the world. Guys, if you ever have the good fortune to see one of these in person, I suggest you relish the evening. By dawn, you'll find we've harvested your organs to contribute to our burgeoning empire of android soldiers. It's world domination, nothing personal. Here, we'll add more ice cubes to the tub...

Never have I been happier than when I'm drinking my own Kool-Aid. Ew. As a metaphor for personal faith, not as a PSA for drinking your own urine (you people are gross). Making a magazine is intoxicating, terrifying stuff and the four of us—Sam, Sally, Brooke, and myself—are wiser, crankier, and all the more justifiably gassed for it. No small credit due to our new editorial assistant Olivia either. Holla.

Just look at this thing. The caustic sartorialism of London fashion designer Cassette Playa in our feature "Reel to Reel," is a tractor beam. So is our gloriously lush board game. In stark contrast to the austere diet regimens of too many in Tinsel Town, we've created an Eating Disorder Board Game, "Monotony..." that is a rich smorgasbord of hysterical junk science that otherwise rational girls let dictate what they put in their bodies. The quest to bobble-headed, 90-pounded-ness is a pointless one. Just as our "board game" has nothing to do with luck, chance, or rolling of the dice and everything to do with going nowhere fast.

Bijou Phillips, however, is definitely going places. With five movies in the can, we present her to you as starlet version 2.0. She's done the Drew Barrymore tween years, the Lindsay Lohan dervish whirling and now she's boldly putting herself out there again, and this time she's very much in on the joke. That's why we chose to photograph her stalkerazzi-style in our cover feature "The Kid is Alright."

British singer Amy Winehouse gets it, too. It's crazy just how much. Your guts identify her talent immediately, and her frailty in person makes your stomach lurch. Then her mouth opens and out tumbles the most calamitous, not media-trained shit ever. She's a goddamn marvel and maybe an alcoholic. Witness her in our feature, "In Vino Veritas."

On the subject of truth, wanna know something so despicable it will forever hog-tie your loyalties to this magazine? This issue, we have a new columnist in Kelis. Yup, *that* Kelis. She whose likeness has inspired voodoo dolls because the envy compels you to it. Not only is she married to Nas, stunningly beautiful, and hugely talented, she's quirkily nerdy in the most endearing way, and smart like you wouldn't believe. Read her first installment, "Kelis On...Feminism," and you'll see how I've robbed you of being able to hate her anymore.

Feel free to hate us though. It fuels us. My scant legion is a Spartan soldier in the face of the Persian army. Win we shall.

Feed me after midnight,
Mary HK Choi

Wind beneath my wings:
Dwight, Fritz, Francine, Peter, Pinks & Blues, Donnie, the redhead's cupcakes, Andrea, Kelis, Matt, Nate, Brendan, Mac, Shane, Katie, and Colin.

PHOTO: JONATHON KAMBOURIS

KAT VON D
SAFFRON
VONZIPPER.COM
VZ

BONJOUR!

A.D.H.D

22 REASONS

We Can't Sit Still!

FAFI PHOTO: MARLEY RIZZUTI KAMA SUTRA PHOTO: RAHAN COTTEREL

LeSportsac x FAFI

Hairpulling. Broken nails. Pandemonium. That's what the smart money's on for the LeSportsac flagships in NY and LA the nanosecond that the Fafi collabo drops. That's right, as if you weren't already addicted from the onpointness of their previous collections with L.A.M.B. and tokidoki, the bag masters and everyone's favorite Frenchie are bringing the heat with Fafi's coy, curvy nymphettes on chic yet totally utilitarian totes.

The bags are colorful, gorgeous, and sparkle with silver glitter trim. Seriously, run don't walk to the boutiques and get ready to throw 'bows.

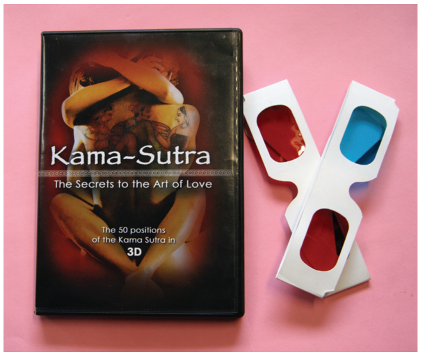
—Samantha Moeller

Alcohawk

beep!
beep!
.02
alcohawk

Yo drunky, put down the Sparks and pay attention. Okay, so you know there's nothing funny about DUIs, but did you know that there's plenty fun to be had with the Alcohawk portable breathalyzer? Minutes after your last swig of vittle you can play the fun and educational drinking game we've affectionately dubbed, "Who's Drunker Now?" You and your friends can blow into the dainty silver contraption to see who wins and check that your designated driver is sober enough not to commit vehicular homicide.

We can't help your questionable beer-goggled tastes, but with this nifty number you can anticipate if the dude you've pulled will pee all over your million-count sheets. What a champion. Cop yours for $69.99 at breathalyzer.net.—Olivia Allin


Kama-Sutra
The Secrets to the Art of Love
The 50 positions of the Kama Sutra in 3D

KAMA SUTRA IN 3D!

While I relish the idea of sweaty couples in blue and red paper glasses trying to screw octopus-style while watching this DVD, earnestly entitled *Kama Sutra: The Secrets to the Art of Love (presented in 3D)*, the disc is probably best reserved for entertainment purposes. Equipped with sufficient inebriation, my bestie and I watched all 75 minutes of narrated erotica. Narrated, mind you, by an elderly British woman. Amazing. Four different couples perform 50 positions to ONE song. Afterward, we mourned the fact that men are not actually half as attentive as the dudes in the video. Bummer. If only we all had British narrators for our coital bliss. Buy it for $20.98 at kochvision.com.

—Olivia Allin

INTERVENTION

DINA LOHAN

Dina, have a seat. Yes, you can sit in the chaise. Yes, it *is* amazing how it matches your outfit. Listen, we don't quite know what happened during Lindsay's gestation period but woman-to-woman, we need to chat. Dina dear, motherhood is a gift. From the moment your child's tiny crown leaves your womb to enter the cold world, you're supposed to be fraught with worry.

Okay, you're looking at me really quizzically. Remember the time you got the heel replaced on your cowboy boots but they messed up and you didn't know for sure if they'd turn out right? Remember all the yelling and crying and throwing stuff? You should feel something in the same neighborhood of emotions over the state of your little girl. Lindsay is a damn mess. She needs some good, clean quality time. Take a page from Teri Hatcher's book. She's so scary-looking she had to have a kid to have someone to hang out with. And hang out they do. 24/7.

On that scary Rexi tip, Dina, respect where it's due. You look incredible for your age. You kept your figure despite a metabolism grinding to a screeching halt, and the elasticity of your boob skin looks top notch. No small task. And whatever, we're not Child Protective Services and judging by the list of dudes she's serviced, Ms. *Parent Trap*'s man trap has seen too much traffic to qualify her as anything but grown. Which goes back to why you should be concerned. I know it feels good to be the "cool mom," but your cougar behavior isn't really working out all that well. I mean, Wilmer just told me to my face that he wouldn't f*ck you with Danny Masterson's dick. And that dude will do anybody. Well, anybody but you or your daughter.

—Regina Ombudsman

HATE ME NOW!

JEEPNEY

CLOTHING

Etymology lesson, bitches. For those who don't know, the Jeepney is a vehicle specific to the Philippines—leftover Jeeps from World War II tricked out as a form of public transportation. Get it? Jeep + Jitney? Awesome. Jeepney Clothing, based out of Seattle, WA, flips and reverses the T-shirt game with a grip of badass Ts dropping this spring. In fact, going forward "Jeepney" is going to mean "lookin' real good." Like, "Hate me now! I'm feeling dumb Jeepney in my new T and matching Dunks." Best believe you'll find a nice match for those kicks you've been hoarding all winter. Our favorite features a slick chick with switchblades (see *Missbehave* issue #2) and another with a whole arsenal of weaponry. Go get Jeepney'ed up at Jeepneyclothing.com.

—Samantha Moeller

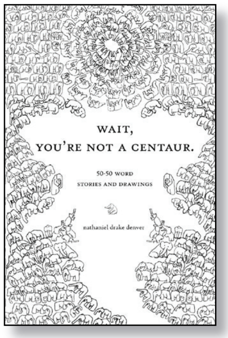
Leah Rose is the Music Editor at *XXL* Magazine and the co-host of "Lip Service," a talk show on Shade45 that airs every Monday from 8:00-10:00PM EST. Weirdly, she's also the bestest made-up wordsmith since Lewis Carroll. Here's the first installment of...

Verbal DiaLeah

Fun-bli-gation (fun-bli-gay-shun) *noun.* An industry event with mandated attendance that could result in merriment.

Usage: "Bro, I'm surfing the crimson tide and wanna go home, but I got a funbligation to drop by Jimmy Iovine's dog's funeral. I hear there's champagne."

WAIT, YOU'RE NOT A CENTAUR

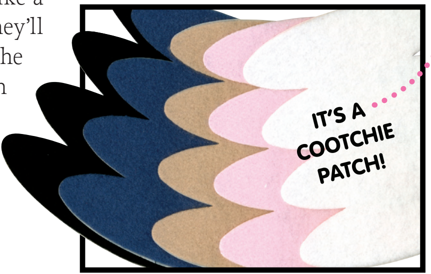


WAIT,
YOU'RE NOT A CENTAUR.
50-50 WORD
STORIES AND DRAWINGS
nathaniel drake denver

Not only is Nate Denver the newly appointed emperor of eccentricity, but his kisser will also be replacing that frayed *Tiger Beat* poster of Jonathan Taylor Thomas on my bedroom ceiling. He's basically the cutest person ever. *Wait, You're Not A Centaur* is a gift of beauty and genius equivalent to 30 golden calves or 42 blind newborn puppies. Enclosed in the pleasantly pearlized covers are 50, 50-word stories, drawings, and a 19-track cd of his one man band Nate Denver's Neck…which is like another 17 puppies on its own. Nathaniel's world is full of alligator kings, gnomes, babies, kittens, massacres, and breakfast cereal. Kinda like seeing your brother naked, every moment in this book is funny, familiar, and gently disturbing all at the same time. Plus his middle name is Drake, which sounds important in a feudal land-owning way. Buy this book at lamano21.com.—Olivia Allin

Stüssy

WTF? Commandos


IT'S A COOTCHIE PATCH!

Call me a prude, but I don't think it's unreasonable to insist people wear panties. Ask Britney. She got outta that car and her yawning monster vagina created a drop in pressure like you shot out an airplane window. People almost died trying to avoid involuntary spelunking. True story.

Thing is, I love and admire girls in Hollywood. Seriously. Like, I even know who Amanda Bynes is. But I don't condone all of their behavior—it's just bad form to go undies-free when you have no carpet to match the drapes, you're wearing a sheer sun dress, and you're just too booze-addled to alight from a vehicle without getting your pap smeared.

Grosser still is that people are trying to make money off of the spread-eagling of these famous nans—and I'm not just talking about movie producers or the makers of Valtrex. I'm referring to the folks behind the Commandos, a cotton pad touted as the next evolution in underwear. To use one, you simply peel of the backing and tape it inside the crotch of your jeans, leggings, and trousers so when you, ahem, Lady Sneeze, the sliver of cottony goodness protects clothes and cooter from subsequent chaffing.

Capitalism's awesome 'cause it works for everyone in the world all the time, but this seems almost mean. These girls' decision-making skills are like a normal person's after a jigger of GHB. To think they'll ever master the tricky "adhesive backing" and the challenging concept of only using them with trousers seems a lofty proposition.

Besides, if I had to see bald Britney's podgy meat purse but this time with an errant pantyliner stuck near it, my corneas would mutiny and jump out of my head.

—Carol Danvers

WE ♥ PANTIES!

DIRTY PRETTY THINGS

Just like your mom, Graffiti Pink likes to say, "It's what's underneath that counts." Dudes will generally agree with that statement…but they mean what's underneath what you are wearing *underneath*. All those carefully selected lacy dainties thrown onto dusty floors…animals. Regardless, it's super important to have lots of silky pretty things for your own benefit, so here's the perfect online spot to treat yourself to some sexy for your naughty bits. Graffiti Pink's got all you need for feminine flirty. They also stock an in-house line, aptly named Cotton Candy, consisting of comfy and cozy delicates. Get your ooh la la on at graffitipink.com.

—Rebecca De'Hornay

READ MEN'S HEALTH NOW!

I love men. Yes, men plural. Often. A whole slew of slick sinewy limbs to entangle with my own supple ones. Not really. Well, not anymore anyway. Still, I do adore my fellow fellows and for any girl who finds guys to be confounding or frustrating, I advise you to read *Men's Health*. Everything you need to know about dudes can be learned from this magazine. Plus it's entertaining as hell 'cause it's emo as f*ck. Some talking points:

They're all obsessed with dying. Men are egocentric enough to believe that bacteria, fate, Kumamoto oysters, transfat, women, the city they live in, and any food with a high glycemic index give enough of a shit about them individually to try, at all costs, to foil their genetic imperative.

They love facts. If they can just get them all in front of them, in bite-sized nuggets, regardless of whether they contradict each other or not, they can successfully exert control over the aforementioned odds.

They are visual creatures. MH plays so cannily to the way dudes think. You should too. Recipes are rendered to equations and ingredients to say, a casserole, are illustrated, in the order you should add them in, like the strata of sedimentary rock formations. Ergo: Angry Boyfriend + You Wordlessly Getting Your Tits Out = Smiling Boyfriend.

They are hopeful creatures. Each man, regardless of their station in life, has some glimmering mustard seed of an irredeemable dream that they hold very dear. Your anemic bike messenger beau truly believes he's gonna pull a Gauguin, emigrate to Tahiti, become a world-class painter, and bed indigenous chicks with long black hair. The take-home lesson: This conversation is a f*cking trap. The dream, like the autonomic dilation of the arteries surrounding the male genitalia, is a critical factor in him being able to properly service you. So do you A) Quash the rancorous deluge of opinions you have on the subject? Or B) Forage for new penis? Mull on it a while, 'cause if you're anything like me, this'll feel like a trick question.

More Sex, Hotter Sex! p.134
Men's Health
Amazing New Plan!
LOSE YOUR GUT!
SCULPT YOUR BODY IN JUST MINUTES A DAY!
MUSCLE UP YOUR DIET
LOOK YOUR BEST NOW!
AVOID THESE MISTAKES

—Mary H.K. Choi

JEEPNEY
CLOTHING AS AN URBAN EXPRESSION
YO! WHAT HAPPENED?
Jeepney

Visit us at:

AGENDA | January 25–27, 2007
MAGIC–HIGH 5 CAMPGROUND AREA | February 13–16, 2007
POOL TRADE SHOW | February 12–14, 2007

Jeepney

www.jeepneyclothing.com
For buyer inquiries, contact: info@jeepneyclothing.com
Telephone: 206.367.1976 | Fax: 206.417.5940

Kelis on...
FEMINISM

I'M BOSSY!
KELIS

fem·i·nism (fem-*uh*-niz-uhm) *noun.*
Belief in the social, political, and economic equality of the sexes.

So when did it become such a dirty word? I'll tell ya, every interview I do I'm asked, So do you consider yourself a feminist? like the word's racist or fascist or communist. Sounds so evil. I had to think about it the first time I was asked. I wanted to answer their question with one of my own. Why the hell are you asking me? I was about 17 or 18 and I felt like I was being attacked by this strange journalist. I replied, No, because my understanding of the word brought visions of braless, hairy armpitted, man haters. I wasn't alone; who put that image in our heads? I love men, I proclaimed, So that can't be me. Years later as a grown woman, I would have to rethink my answer. My husband can't stand the topic. He's cool with strong women, his mother was one; hell, he loves 'em, as long as the issue doesn't disturb his dinnertime.

To be fair, most men say they want a strong woman—as long as we don't get in the way of their success or needs (or dinnertime). How many times have you heard about a woman giving up her career to help put her man through school or raise and care for her family? I think that's wonderful and takes strength, but such strength is often acceptable when the sacrifice is hers. What if that same woman put her goals and career first? Strength is not used to describe that—words like selfish and irresponsible are used instead. Men and women definitely have different roles, but who calls out the job description? My loving husband says I shouldn't dwell on such negativity. What the hell is so negative about me thinking, or knowing, rather, that I can do anything you can do better?

Being women in business, we all know working in male-dominant environments is quite a challenge. Particularly as a woman in a position of power. One of my dearest friends is a high-level financial analyst. We were out shopping and saw these amazing flats. I told her to get them 'cause she could wear them to work. She answered matter-of-factly that she couldn't because work was hard enough without inviting men she was dealing with to think they could look down on her. Good gracious! Can't even wear a cute flat!

When we raise our voice, put our foot down, lay down the law, or refuse, we are branded as difficult, hysterical, emotional, irrational or that our flow is in town. Our counterparts are hailed as assertive, decisive, a real leader. What bull. A man can be overweight, sloppy, a down-right mess and still be the CEO of any major corporation. While a woman couldn't get the position as his secretary if she doesn't dress well and meet the aesthetic criterion. My mom used to always say, A well-dressed woman is a successful woman. She never lied.

The next question, then, is how you can be sexual and maintain that you're a strong woman? Backward hypocrisy. If I were a man, sexuality may not be an ally, but as a woman it's my friend—something I embrace. Suffice it to say there's a fine line between smart and slut, but the lines have been drawn, and as a strong smart woman I use my discretion. Men grab their balls and high-five each other all day. Life must be real easy as king of the concrete jungle. But I'm a chick who tugs at my metaphoric balls with no penis envy at all. I simply like to take pride in the stuff I know I'm best at and I won't keep quiet while doing it. Roar.

That being said, girls sometimes have to learn when to just shut up, sit down, and be the strong silent type. In war, there are many tactics. Leaving enough rope out for some of our dimwitted yet lovable counterparts to hang themselves is a pretty fail-safe one. Not all men are chauvinist pigs; just the ones I work with. Nonetheless, let 'em call us what they will. Call me a feminist. I've certainly been called much worse.

B by Burton

BbyBurton.com

WANNA BATTLE?

PARTY PROMOTERS OXY COTTONTAIL AND JUSTINE D. DUKE IT OUT FOR WHICH SCENE HAS THE BIGGEST DEADBEATS.

The trendy, savvy, and very straight hipster who acts gay. This dude is the worst in my book because of the duplicity. Sadly his game works most of the time because his sexuality is shrouded in mystery. He lies about how much he drinks and sometimes shaves his chest. Enjoys mostly vodka and becomes progressively more homo with each drink. Be careful, you may find yourself wasted with your new friend's very heterosexual chubby in your face. Awkward.

The struggling mediocre artist, with no goals and a mysteriously steady income. You've seen this boy many times with many girls. He is present at every open bar but can still go to Marquee and host tables with bottles and models. He fetishizes the poverty-striken artist's life but flosses at a $300 table on Club Row. Either seen chugging a magnum of Grey Goose or a 40 oz on the most visible stoop in an about-to-be-gentrified neighborhood. Charming in small doses but you'll never get him without his gaggle of girlies. May talk about himself in the third person.

The underground sneakerhead/retail O.G. NYC Cool Guy. He's mad that the rest of America just discovered downtown NYC in the last 5 years. He's mad that trends he set became trendy but he's also happy because he's richer now. Plus, he loved being in the *NYT* Style section. His sneakers are so rare they come in designer cigarette boxes. He has no short-term memory and will always love Supreme and Nike. He *hates* new streetwear brands. He drinks Hennessy and will talk about nailing you on some high- school caliber gossiping shit.

The accomplished designer/photographer/music exec./store/bar owner or marketing playboy. This man is devoted to The Game. He adores anything different and new, but also appreciates the older ways of the world. Of which he's very well-versed. He is always working to create the next collabo, wants to unite the creative worlds into one, and is great for conversation and networking. Once a dare devilish dude, he's now an overworked hustler. Drinks free beer. Okay, this dude (when not wasted) actually lays good pipe. Has quite of few tricks up his older-guy sleeve. Just don't fall for him 'cause he'll unwittingly break your heart.

THIS IS WHY I'M HOT
HERE NO

The hot, derel skater/graf writer with everything to prove and a digital camera. It's like he's dying of a terminal disease, he's so bent on capturing and documenting his life. This guy is so vain that he thinks the mundane details of his living-on-the-edge existence are actually captivating. He is misinformed. You not only live his life with him in real time but relive it on his blog and then discuss the merits of his message board beefs with people two and three decades younger than him. He drinks anything and snorts/eats all the drugs without offering you any. Asshole.—*Oxy Cottontail*

BE MY CORY KENNEDY!

COLETTE TURNS 10!

Dude, the French are annoying sometimes. Even if they quaff vats of wine, smear butter on artery walls, and smoke a million unfiltered cigarettes a day they're still skinny and well preserved. Colette, the Paris-based think tank and purveyor of all things amazing in *styledesignartfood,* is celebrating a decade of indulgence and are improving with age. Bastards.

Colette has enjoyed hugely successful collaborations with Jeremy Scott, Muiccia Prada, Nagi Noda, Fafi, Medicom, Goyard, and As Four but since people get misty and retrospective around birthday time, let's talk a little history...

Colette is named after the racy novelist, Sidonie-Gabrielle Colette. Basically France's greatest female writer, she gets additional eccentricity points for her multiple marriages, very public lesbian affairs (kinda gangsta in 1906), and bumping uglies with her stepson (kinda weird in all fabrics of space and time).

To commemorate their tenth birthday, Colette got a shit-ton of creative types to make art that represents the New Year. Proceeds are going to WWF; the animal savers, not the spandex warriors. Their boutique on Rue St. Honoré is a Mecca of everything we love. For instance, they have a water bar with over 100 labels. Which is dope but also kinda scary 'cause we just found out you can die of water intoxication.

—*Olivia Allin*

F*CK A LOSER ONCE SHAME ON THEM. F*CK A LOSER TWICE SHAME ON YOU!
JUSTINE

Super sensitive emo dude

This guy has a Women's Studies degree and will need consoling 'cause his Riot Grrrl bandmates don't accept him as an equal. Ask yourself this: Can you be with a guy who is basically Dashboard Confessional's Chris Carrabba? Emo guy is identifiable by his vintage, velcro KangaROOS, American Apparel hoodie, and high waters. He will drink "whatever you're having," will whimper when climaxing, and wear a smaller girl's jeans size than you. This sucks.

RAINER MARIA 4EVA

Goth guy

You'll see this melanin-impaired specimen lurking in dark corners. Moody and evasive you'll notice he rarely eats. Rail-thin physique? Check. Sallow complexion? Check. Diagnosis: Manorexia. He has a bogus English accent, combat/pointy boots, and an unnerving love for cloaks and capes. He will redeem himself with his extensive Siouxsie & The Banshees record collection and then scare you off with his cache of Nazi memorabilia. Drink of choice: Amaretto Sours with a cherry and straw. Source of income: Trust fund.

Skater/graphic designer/dirtbag

This man exudes overconfidence and cockiness, probably because he's always launching a T-shirt line that is *huge* in Japan. In the summer, he's posted on the corner with his BMX sipping margarita from a styrofoam cup and in the winter he's indoors with his PlayStation and blunt. You are never a priority. He'd rather "close" a "business" deal than take you out for dinner—which you will kindly pay for. Sports AirMaxes in varying vintages and silk-screened, limited-edition 1 of 3 T-shirts. Practice not dry-heaving every time he refers to himself as an "entrepreneur."

LOVE ME, LOVE MY T-SHIRT LINE.

'70s rocker guy

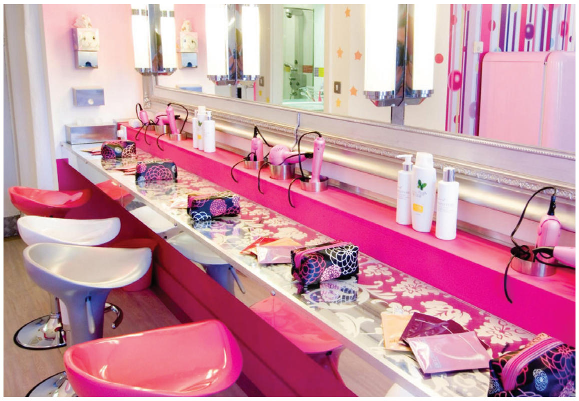
After Rolling Stones cover-band practice, this guy can be found at any local dive in the wee hours wearing sunglasses and stroking his oversized silver and turquoise belt buckle. He might go by a slick, blue-collar stage name like "Chip" or "Mick," and with his free-lovin' attitude and overall corniness, he's rather easy to resist. You will be tempted, however, by his employee discount at the overpriced vintage clothing store where he is assistant manager. In the end, his bellbottoms, cowboy boots, and predilection for Miller High Life (The Champagne of Beers) will skeeve you out.

THAT '70s DUDE

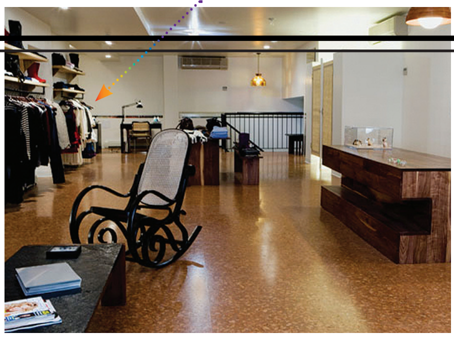
Aspiring DJ/music producer

This guy dreams big. Making it happen is a different story. Constantly complains about not getting the DJ gig in that bajillion-star hotel in Dubai that would've sent his career skyrocketing. Produces crappy dance beats but once perfected he will *never* shop them shits around. Otherwise totally benign in appearance, your warning sign is his tote bag filled with vinyl. His gigantic record collection is priority No. 1 but it's fun to make his neck vein dance at the mention of the word, "Serato."—Justine D.

Pretty in Pink



OM-Effin'-G, Alton Towers' Sleepover Suite is what would happen if Barbie puked Pepto-Bismol clichés all over her dream house. If your vagina could move independently of the rest of you and had a passport, she'd hop on the next plane to the U.K. to join in on the fun. She'd chomp on chocolate from the suite's pink fridges and have a makeover party with her BVFs. Fully-equipped with a mirrored makeup bar, beauty products from Superdrug, a walk-in spa shower, a plasma TV with chick flicks for movie marathons, and a mini dancefloor and karaoke area, this tween wet dream is totally soundproof. Now you can have those slow-motion topless pillow fights and giggle the night away on fuchsia beds that join together to aid gossiping. The Sleepover Suite allows parents to avoid all contact with pubescent daughters or grown girls can have a boy-free getaway. We need that stateside. Come on Trump, where's the love? American muffs will thank you…for once. Get a virtual tour at www.altontowers.co.uk/hotels/sleepover.asp.—Olivia Allin


GREY ANT! LADIES OF THE CANYON!

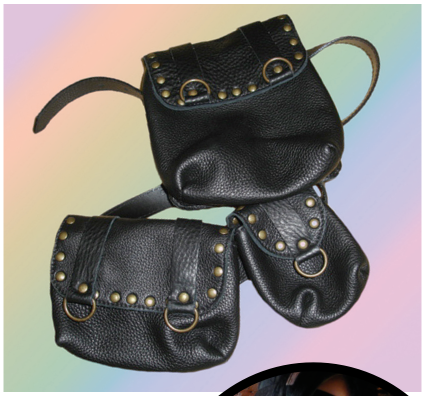
VALLEY OF THE DOLLS

Why are some nail salons so grimy? They'll do hot, cheap nails but afterwards you feel like you need a tetanus shot. Cali sisters Julia and Nina Werman solve this quandary with their little haven of awesome known as Valley, a one-stop shop that executes the meanest manicure, from acrylics, to full Prescription press-ons (which I swear by), to 3D acrylic designs to basically every nail jewel known to mankind. Oh wait, you want a real flower embedded in your nail? Hey, they can do that. Airbrushing and 14-karat gold nail charms are rumored for a spring appearance.

Additionally, the store serves as a retail shop and gallery so you can peruse high-waisted jeans, jumpsuits, and girly flannel galore while your impatient boyfriend can get cultured. Located in the center of New York's Lower East Side (48 Orchard at Grand and Hester), your nails get an extra 10 minutes to dry while you saunter over to meet your *other* boyfriend at Max Fish. Check valleynyc.com for more details.—*Sona Gevorkian*

BUTTER SOFT LEATHER

Hands free is the way to be. How nice is it to have everything you need in convenient leather pouches around your waist? Dance, sing... hell, do the running man if you're feeling up to it. Not lugging a 50-pound satchel on your shoulder is hella liberating. We're lovin' the Raven D Ring Hip bag by Eenamaria. Available online at eenamaria.com.—*Vixen One*



YASI TRIES...
SPEED DATING

Note to self: Anytime someone says, You go, girl! without a hint of irony, remember to flee the premises.

Let me tell you the gleeful tale behind this hard won advice. Here are some clues—pleated khakis, well-worn loafers, fat-assed secretaries, small talk and Apple-frickin'- Tinis. That's right. For this installment of "Yasi Tries..." I went Speed Dating.

I know. I really do. I know this is the last resort for lonely singles, regularly mocked on television and in film, a popular activity for those on social life support. And listen, while I might not have a brimming dance card, there is a host of other preferred pursuits—like flossing with guitar strings, or perhaps cutting my thigh with a rusty house key to feel the sweet, albeit temporary release from inescapable hopelessness. You know, constructive things. I did protest but when pressed, my editor does this dead-on impression of an unmoving bitch. It's really quite something. Therefore, I find myself perusing the Web site entitled Hurrydate.com, whose pithy tagline reads "Cut to the Chase." Sigh. I sign-up and do the same for my friend Robin whose wrath I will deal with later.

Wednesday rolls around and despite nightmares about hair-challenged uggos pawing at me over Piña Coladas (and worse, rejection by said baldies) I put on a push-up bra, throw back a vodka, and head over to Eat restaurant on Sunset. Robin, however, has mysteriously fallen ill. Although at press time she is much better, Karma, I'm sure, will issue an appropriate retort to her f*cked up sense of priorities.

Upon arrival, I see a perky woman who I can only assume is the hostess, holding a clipboard. I check in and she hands me a nametag and scorecard then rallies me with the cry mentioned at the beginning of this article. There may have been a fist pump. Then the bartender informs me that there are $5 Appletinis for the "hurry daters." I don't do "tini," so I request Jameson on the rocks.

As my nausea subsides, I am jarred by the shrill squawk of a whistle. Clipboard lady is now soundly 35% more irritating. I am corralled, ice cubes clinking, to some tables, each distinguished by a letter of the alphabet. I take a seat and am joined by a guy who is actually kinda cute. Cute! Skies part. A hologram of my smiling mother descends to fare me well. I'm flooded with relief. Then he opens his mouth. 180 seconds of wretchedly inane chatter later, the whistle is blown again and #33 is replaced by #30, who has a perspiration problem. #34 has such a severe lazy eye that I stare squarely in the middle of both, #37 has written an online self-help book, #27 actually asks me what my "turn-ons" and "turn-offs" are, #21 is easily 45, and #40, passes our time foppishly complaining about the pressing need for heat lamps.

Exhausted and drunk, I await the last suitor. #38 sits, looking as horrified as I feel. Despite the shellshock, #38 is really hot. Fine, so he's "in the Navy" and "can't talk about his job," and maybe he's wearing Seven jeans but lo he is sorta charming. As he leaves, he slaps his nametag onto my sheet and says, Put me as number one. Seriously. So I do. Because I ended up giving him the reverse cowgirl that night. Not really. But you guys would've. Skanks.

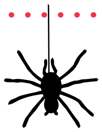
Luxirie
by Lrg

www.luxirie.com ph. 949.581.1144 fx. 949.581.0064

* L R G, Luxirie, and heart logo are internationally registered trademarks of Lifted Research Group Inc. © Lifted Research Group 2006

A.D.H.D. FILM SCHOOL

Bloody Mallory



Title: *Bloody Mallory*
Director: Julien Magnat
Year: 2002

The Pitch: *Bloody Mallory* is basically *Buffy The Vampire Slayer* dusted out of its brains, with a sprinkling of *Resident Evil.* Magnat has admitted to being highly influenced by the visual style and hyperreality of contemporary anime…and maybe also LSD. The DVD is available from Lions Gate with extras including a "Making of" featurette and blooper reel.

Why You Should Catch It: Walking down the aisle on your wedding day, bells are a-ringin' and birds are a-singin'. After you say "I do," hubby morphs into a bloodthirsty demon and declares you his next meal. This crimson-haired bridezilla splits him in two with an enormous axe, as guts and gore splash her white gown red. Total she-ro material.

Time passes. Mallory becomes the head of an anti-paranormal commando unit charged with eliminating every evil creature prowling France. Now a heartless mercenary, she joins forces with the best France has to offer: Vena Cava, a tranny-diva and explosives expert who vogues a dance of death while blowing hellspawn to bits with machine gun platform heels; Talking Tina, a 9-year-old mute telepath that can project her spirit into the body of any living creature; and last but not least, the gorgeous hunk Father Carras, sexy leather-clad Vatican bodyguard. Holy synergy.

The newly appointed Pope has been kidnapped. The Vatican does not approve of Mallory's methods, but she's all they've got to save the pontiff. Invoking her dead husband—condemned to haunt limbo—Mallory learns about the evil cult of Abbadon a cabal bent on world destruction.

Mallory ruthlessly hunts down the cult of Abbadon in the creepy catacombs of a subterranean castle. They've got some fierce opponents ahead of them—the sultry succubus Morphine and the bloodthirsty vampire Lady Valentine.

Will Mallory and her team stop the forces of evil from awakening Lord Abbadon in time for Vena to get her nails did? Will we get another glimpse of Father Carras, this time in the buff? All these questions will be answered as you wolf down this delicious cinematic éclair. Oh Father Carras what creamy filling!—*Larry Conti*

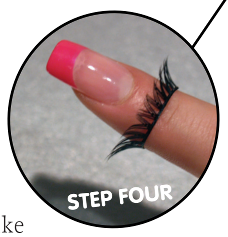
Idiot-Proof FAKE LASHES

Nothing like false eyelashes to transform a bald-lidded lady to a doe-eyed sexpot but holy Brigitte Bardot, are these bastards tricky to adhere. For anyone who has almost gouged their eyes out lushing their lashes, here is *Missbehave*'s guide to faking it.

First off, you gotta know that there exists two kinds of lashes—Single and Row. Pretty self-explanatory which is which. Single lashes achieve that really innocent babydoll appearance. And with the Single, you don't always have to rock eyeliner for a semi-natural option. In other news: applying Singles between the last few lashes of the very outermost part of your lid gives you that super awesome Twiggy-ish cutie pie eye.

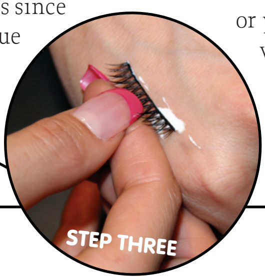
For the hot-shit porn star effect get the Row. We are soooooooo Row people so here's the breakdown.

1. First things, first—Make sure your eyeliner is good before adding your lashes.



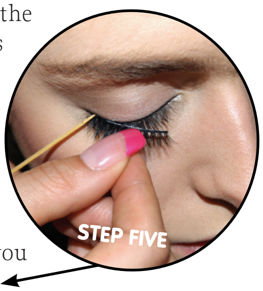
2. Measure the lashes against your lid to make sure they fit. Longest lashes should be on the outside of your eyes and shorter ones on the inside. There is a left and right lash so pay attention. If you find the lashes are too long, snip some off until they fit careful to cut from the shorter lash side.

3. Always put glue ON THE LASHES. Not your eye. Yes, this seems obvious since the likelihood of squirting glue on your shiny eyeball should be scary enough on principle but hey, you'd be surprised.



4. Wrap the Row around your finger holding for a few seconds. This lends the lash some natural shape to curve to the contour of your eye.

5. Apply a small line of Duo (good eyelash glue also comes in water proof formulas in case you're entering a wet T-shirt contest) to the lashes making your way from the inside of the lash to the outside. Place eyelashes directly on top of your eyeliner. The glue is white but it dries clear so don't freak out. At this point, take a toothpick and carefully secure any spots along the Row you didn't nail the first time.



6. After lashes are dry (this take about 30 seconds) you can reapply your eyeliner or you can take a eye shadow brush with black shadow and go over the lashes to make them really pop. Et Voila! Slamming lashes.

—*Christina Zuleta*

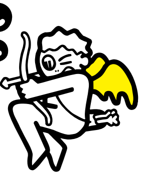
kidrobot®
kidrobot

Kidrobot Apparel
In Stores Now

The Kidrobot Hoodie
Illustration by JK5

www.kidrobot.com **New York** 126 Prince Street **Los Angeles** 7972 Melrose Avenue **San Francisco** 1512 Haight Street

DILF HUNTER ALEC BALDWIN



No doubt about it, I would pay good money to sit on Alec Baldwin's lap. With moist anticipation, I'd climb on gingerly, so as not to crush the coolly expensive suit fibers of bespoke silk. Once nestled I would shotgun his heady aroma—a bouquet of sweet cigar smoke and 14-year-old Lagavulin scotch. He may find this objectionable, what with his being famous and my being creepy (and likely crying), but once our eyes lock, it'll be poignant. I'm thinking of having commemorative snowglobes made.

Other people, fair-weather fans we'll call them, have the myopic audacity to say that lately he's evolved—an amazing thespian with great comedic timing but perhaps not a sex symbol anymore. That makes me crazy. Pugilistic crazy. I had little choice but to lay siege and Molotov cocktail their homes. In the name of Baldwin. It was intended as a warning, so I'm glad to count but one single old lady as a casualty. Apparently pressurized oxygen from a respirator is spectacularly combustible. Who knew?

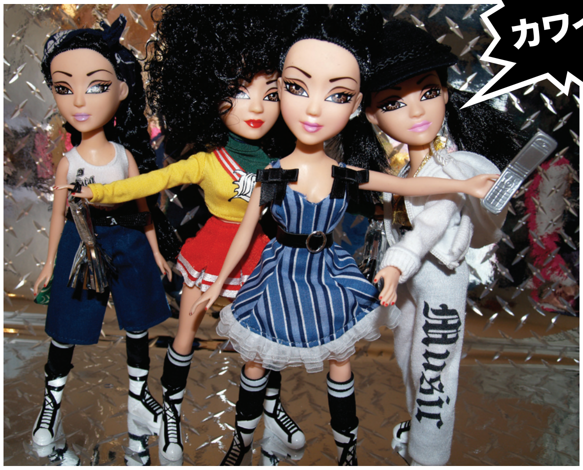
The groundwork for my Alec crush had been laid long before he even qualified as a DILF (Dad I'd like to F*ck, for acronym novices). Back circa *Beetlejuice*, his fresh-faced sincerity made my loins quiver. And his ghost/girl relationship with a young, pre-"prosecuted to the full extent of the law" Winona Ryder could've gone seedy in a heartbeat. Mmmm... ectoplasm on the sheets.

Then his megalomaniacal role as surgeon Dr. Jed Hill in *Malice* clinched my sexual servitude. As DILFy as mere mortals are, nothing fulfills me more than being filled up by a dude with a God Complex. Darling, I too am never, *ever* sick at sea. By the time I sought *Minnie's First Time*, a harrowing indie flick in which Alec beds his slutty stepdaughter, I'd given myself sleep apnea. I would jolt awake from wanton reveries of straddling Him in His study, the wooden mallards decorating His bookshelves passing silent beady judgement on my corporeal weakness.

Now, before bed, I count my blessings for *30 Rock*. Each week I DVR it, patiently waiting an additional week so my friend Al, a post-production whiz, can laboriously CGI each scene free of everyone but Jack Donaghy. I adore Tina Fey but if she touches His forearm again I can't be held responsible for my midtown anger-blackout spree.

None of it's my fault. His lips made me do it. Everything. The lush undulation of Cupid's bow trammels all rational thought. I don't know what voodoo determined such genetic perfection, but I'm sure the number Pi has something to do with it so my hands are tied.

—Mary HK Choi



カワイイ!

HELLO DOLLIES!

You know how Barbie's supposedly bad for girls 'cause she makes you feel inadequate about your body? Well, she didn't do squat to me 'cause my body's banging. But you know what is a little despicable? How much straight-up envy I feel when these limited-edition, Harajuku Love. Angel. Music. Baby., fashion dolls marched into my life. They have the best clothes. I mean, these shits are bananas. Actually, way better than bananas 'cause potassium's for losers. Each 10-inch figure sports a distinct, actual costume from Gwen Stefani's last tour and their shiny black locks are supposed to be styled once they come out of a box. They come correct with collectible posters, pocket mirrors, and trading cards. The four Harajuku Love, Angel, Music, and Baby dolls rock Tick Tock Gothic-Lolita, Hollaback Casual, Hip-Hop Glam, and Banana Cheerleader outfits respectively, and are gonna make me obliterate my low credit balance 'cause their collective hotness prompts me to shop.

These dolls and I have similarly immaculate taste. Holy kawaii, they have the dopest miniature woven belts, perfectly-lined kissers, and tiny exposed boxer waistbands, peeking over pants slouching just so. They're killing me. Buy 'em while you can for merely $24.95 at target.com and then rush out to Barney's to do some real damage.*—Olivia Allin*

DOLL PHOTO: MARLEY RIZZUTI

sidekick
sidekick
T · Mobile ·
MISSBEHAVE

ART ME UP

I love looking at pretty things. Show me a homeless man and I'll brighten his day with a glittery sticker to the forehead. Even the two-inch squared screen of my celly deserves decoration. Start Mobile makes it way easy to download hundreds of fresh wallpapers from artists like Patrick Nagel, Buff Monster, Fawn Gehweiler, Insa, and Mama, straight onto your mobile or PDA.

When you're bored outta your mind at work (which never happens at *Missbehave* because there's always champagne and puppies), go sift through hot images at Startmobile.net. Oh, and here's the kicker, starting right now you can download free *Missbehave* backgrounds! Like free of charge, not like "Free Missbehave," 'cause we're imprisoned or something. Not that there's anything wrong with that.

—Samantha Moeller

also available at
SHIEKH
www.shiekhshoes.com
JoJo
THE HIGH ROAD
"THE HIGH ROAD"
In Stores Now
xoxo... jojo!
red
by marc eckō™

mellow yellow

Walk into your local bodega, look at their fruit, and tell me it isn't the scariest most post-apocalyptic thing you've ever seen. Teeny-tiny, blackened limes that have petrified to a fifth of their original size and lemons furrier than tennis balls. Holy scurvy. In some parts of New York City you may as well be trapped on a boat in Tudor times. Mmmm, bleeding gums and armadas.

Thing is, it kinda doesn't matter where you live, since this year's bipolar weather is the earth's way of telling us we've f*cked up to an irrevocable point and human extinction is inevitable. But buck up, chum! Bring a smile to that dour, translucently pale mug of yours by dolling up ten picture-perfect nails.

Just think, couple years from now, when you're foraging for food on a scarred, cracked planet, you can look down at acrylics that harken back to a time when, in certain parts of the country, the sun shined long enough to produce miracles of bounty called strawberries, cherries, and kiwis. Nothing will buoy your flagging spirits like these vivid images when all the glaciers melt, plants stop photosynthesizing, and you've got streaks of blood and guts on your face from the lawless groups of nomadic, killer cannibals that you had to bludgeon to death with a shovel.

I know it all sounds soooo dire but please ladies, be extra careful when you're defending your life with blunt instruments 'cause even in the future, nails do break. Oh, and if you do go over to the dark side and start eating people like so many famished rugby players trapped in the Andes, try to eat babies only. Grownups are gamey, and their torsos are remarkably unwieldy to rotisserie.

—*Mary HK Choi*

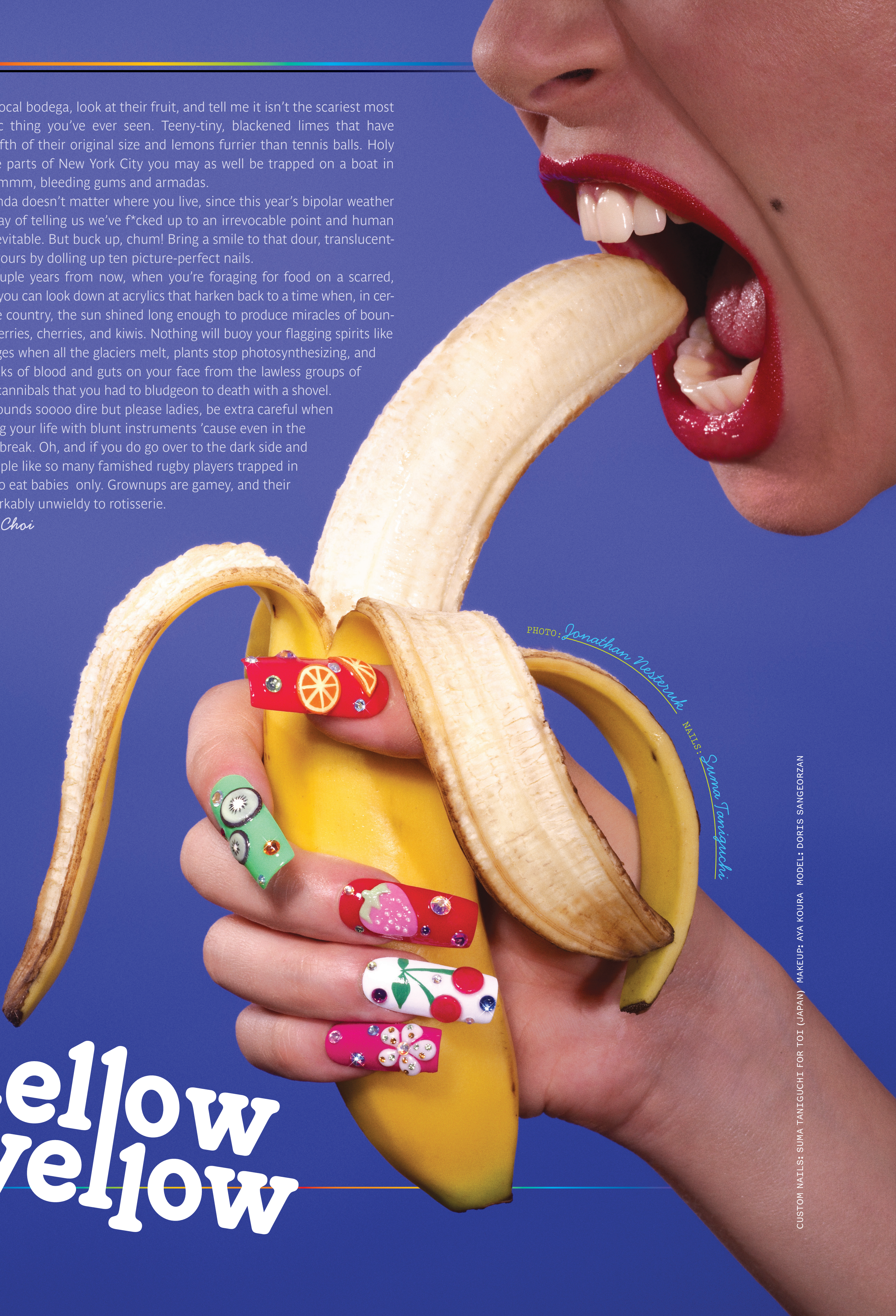
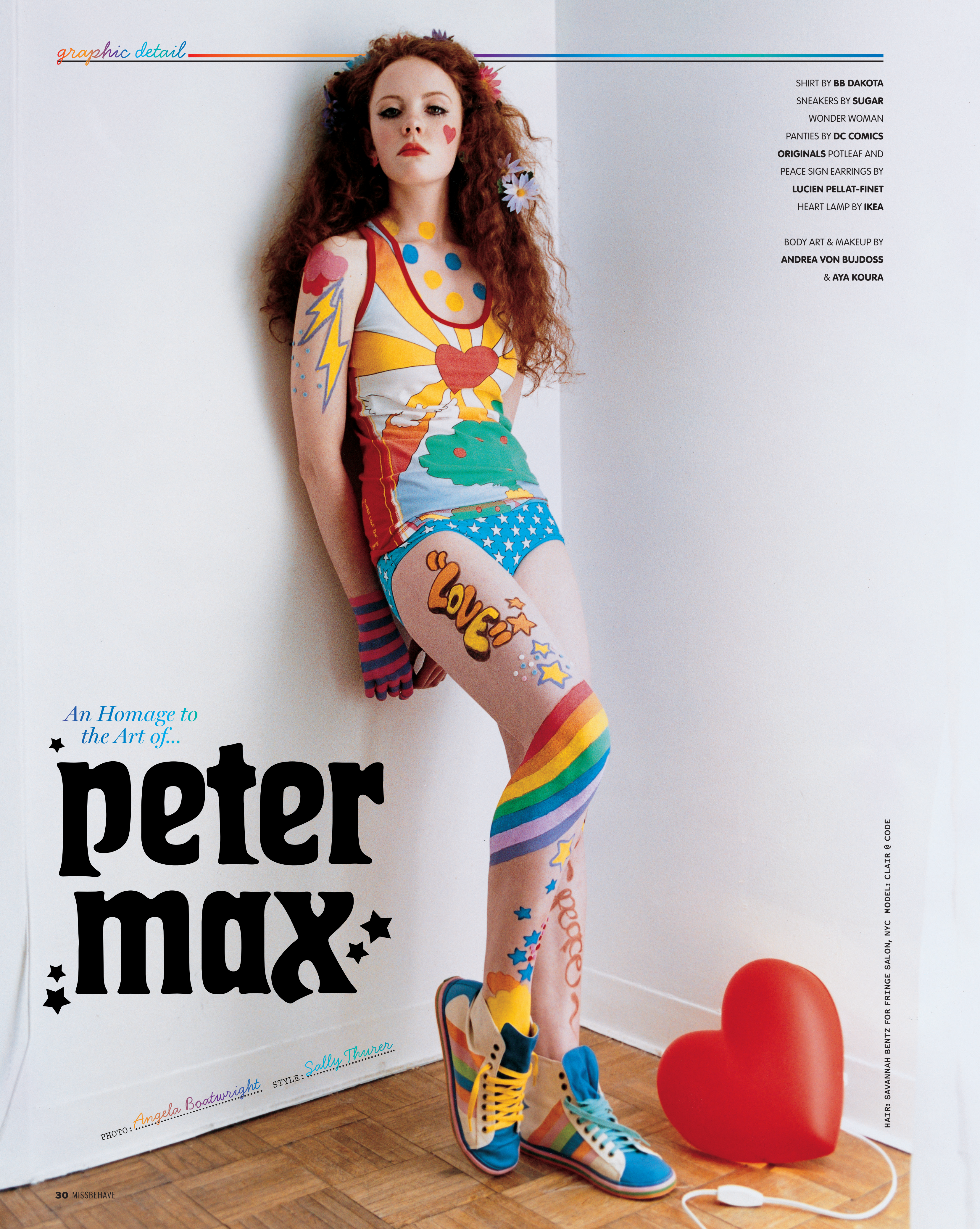


PHOTO: Jonathan Nesteruk
NAILS: Suma Taniguchi

CUSTOM NAILS: SUMA TANIGUCHI FOR TOI (JAPAN) MAKEUP: AYA KOURA MODEL: DORIS SANGEORZAN

MEDUSA'S
MAKE-UP
Looks that Kill
Hi-tec makeup
for innovative style
No animal testing!
WWW.MEDUSASMAKEUP.COM

sugar
hooker
sugarhooker.com
sugarhooker.com



SHIRT BY **BB DAKOTA**
SNEAKERS BY **SUGAR**
WONDER WOMAN
PANTIES BY **DC COMICS**
ORIGINALS POTLEAF AND
PEACE SIGN EARRINGS BY
LUCIEN PELLAT-FINET
HEART LAMP BY **IKEA**

BODY ART & MAKEUP BY
ANDREA VON BUJDOSS
& **AYA KOURA**

An Homage to the Art of...

peter max

PHOTO: *Angela Boatwright* STYLE: *Sally Thurer*

HAIR: SAVANNAH BENTZ FOR FRINGE SALON, NYC **MODEL:** CLAIR @ CODE

JUSTINED.COM

80%20
See the whole story
at
www.8020nyc.com

(CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT):
TALI SHOE BY **KILLAH,** JEDREK BY **BETSEY JOHNSON,** MELIA BY **GUESS,** VIOLET ESPADRILLE BY **FORNARINA,** FAUSTA BY **J LO FOOTWEAR.**

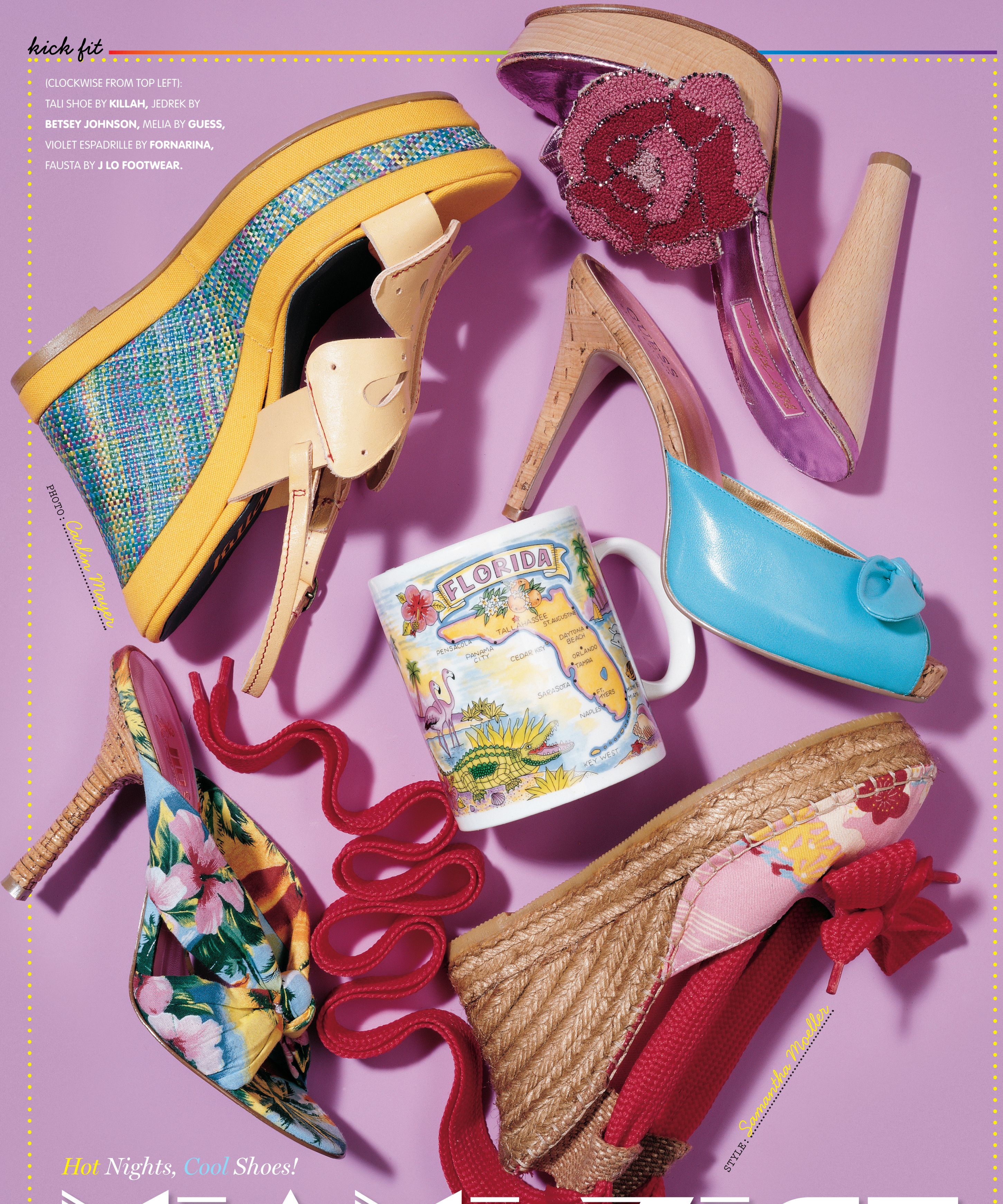

FLORIDA
PENSACOLA
PANAMA CITY
TALLAHASSEE
ST. AUGUSTINE
DAYTONA BEACH
CEDAR KEY
ORLANDO
TAMPA
SARASOTA
FT. MYERS
NAPLES
KEY WEST
GUESS

PHOTO: Carlin Meyer

STYLE: Samantha Moeller

Hot Nights, Cool Shoes!

MIAMI VICE

kitson LA
kitson
kitson
kitson
115

Available at: **David Z.** New York **Nordstrom** Select Stores **Boogie's** Aspen

Greetings from
KITSON
Hollywood
Movies
kitson LA
I ♥ LA
The House of Style
kitson

MICKEY MOUSE

Michael Jackson is so Mickey Mouse's Tyler Durden. Cello? Ben, the two of us need look no more? And how all of a sudden, after MJ's exile, Bahrain's gonna get their own Disneyland? Coincidence? I think not. They're both "happy" on some "tears of a clown," shit and the skeletons in their respective closests could outift 10 of those creepy ossuary churches in Prague. Femur chandelier anyone?

Jacko's toddler diddling was a terrible time but history forgets the sins of the mouse. Walt had him bandying around the N-word in the '30s like it was nothing. So not cool. But what can you do? His gams look fantastic in shorts, ergo, we're forced to forgive him. Hell, that's the only reason we can even look at Kate Moss after seeing her suck the puss off of Pete Doherty's face. Gag.

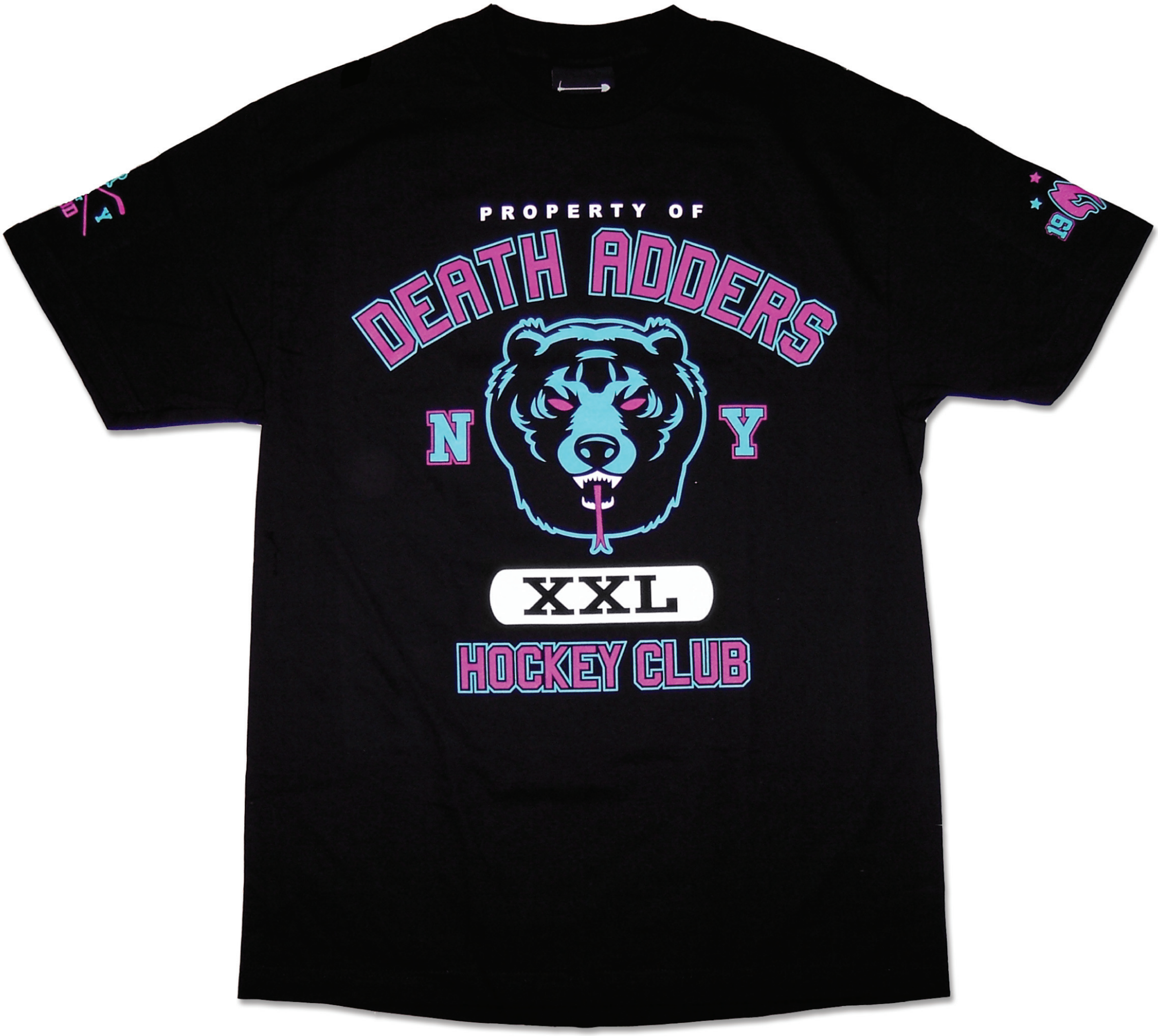
—*Mary HK Choi*

PHOTO: *Danielle St. Laurent*
STYLE: *Sally Thurer*

RUNAWAY BRAIN TEE BY **DISNEY COUTURE,** SHORTS BY **GREY ANT,** SOCKS BY **H&M,** GLITTER HEELS BY **JOHN FLUEVOG,** POLKA DOT HEADBAND AND HEART BUTTON RING BY **FRED FLARE,** RED GLITTER SUSPENDERS & PLASTIC BUTTONS AVAILABLE AT **PATRICIA FIELD**

MAKEUP: AYA KOURA **HAIR:** ANDRE DUNN **MODEL:** JO @ ELITE

The Diggers Society


PROPERTY OF
DEATH ADDERS
N
Y
XXL
HOCKEY CLUB

T-Shirt # 3 by Mishka

The Diggers Society is **Digital Gravel**'s t-shirt of the month club
featuring exclusive designs from streetwear's premium independent brands.
These designs will only ever be available to members of The Diggers Society.
To join, please log on to http://www.digitalgravel.com . Can you dig it?

AS SEEN ON DG

Kat Von D's Ink

Usually we love nothing more than to gawk and nosily inquire about the inked embellishments of our favorite tattooed celebrities. This time we look to 24-year-old, Mexican-born, heavy metal and Beethoven-loving, Los Angeles-residing star of TLC's Miami Ink *Katherine Von Drachenberg, for the other perspective. Kat's first tattoo came at age 14. Fast-forward two years to early 1996 and her first attempt at needle wielding—a Misfits skull accomplished with homemade equipment. A decade later, Ms. Von D is on TV, tattooing all over the world, chilling in Bam Margera's Lamborghini, designing her own clothing line, marrying fellow artist Oliver Peck, appearing in Helsinki-based Metal band H.I.M.'s music videos, and getting ready to take it even further. But not before sharing a little bit about her divergent experiences as a tattoo artist with* Missbehave...

"I had been drawing since I could hold a pencil, and when I did that first tattoo I knew right then and there that it was my calling. I was never like, I wanna be in movies! I wanna be a model! I mean, look at me—I thought I ruined chances of that happening when I got my face tattooed. Tattooing is definitely still a man's world. I have always tried my hardest not to make gender an issue, [but] I feel like women in this business, for the most part, aren't as good as some of the guys. Maybe it's because there's a smaller number of them...but there are not too many women out there that I would wanna get tattooed by.

"When we first started doing the show, I was worried that I would be typecast as the person you go to for a portrait when you lose someone. At first it was kinda crazy. I had a line of people waiting to get tattooed who would tell me horribly sad stories of their loved ones dying. Now I completely embrace it. The other day I had to tattoo a woman who had come in to get a portrait of her 18-year-old son who had shot himself in the face 10 days prior. When we were done, I ended up holding her for 10 minutes as she cried on my shoulder, thanking me for giving her her son forever. That shit is the most special thing to me—helping other people heal one way or another.

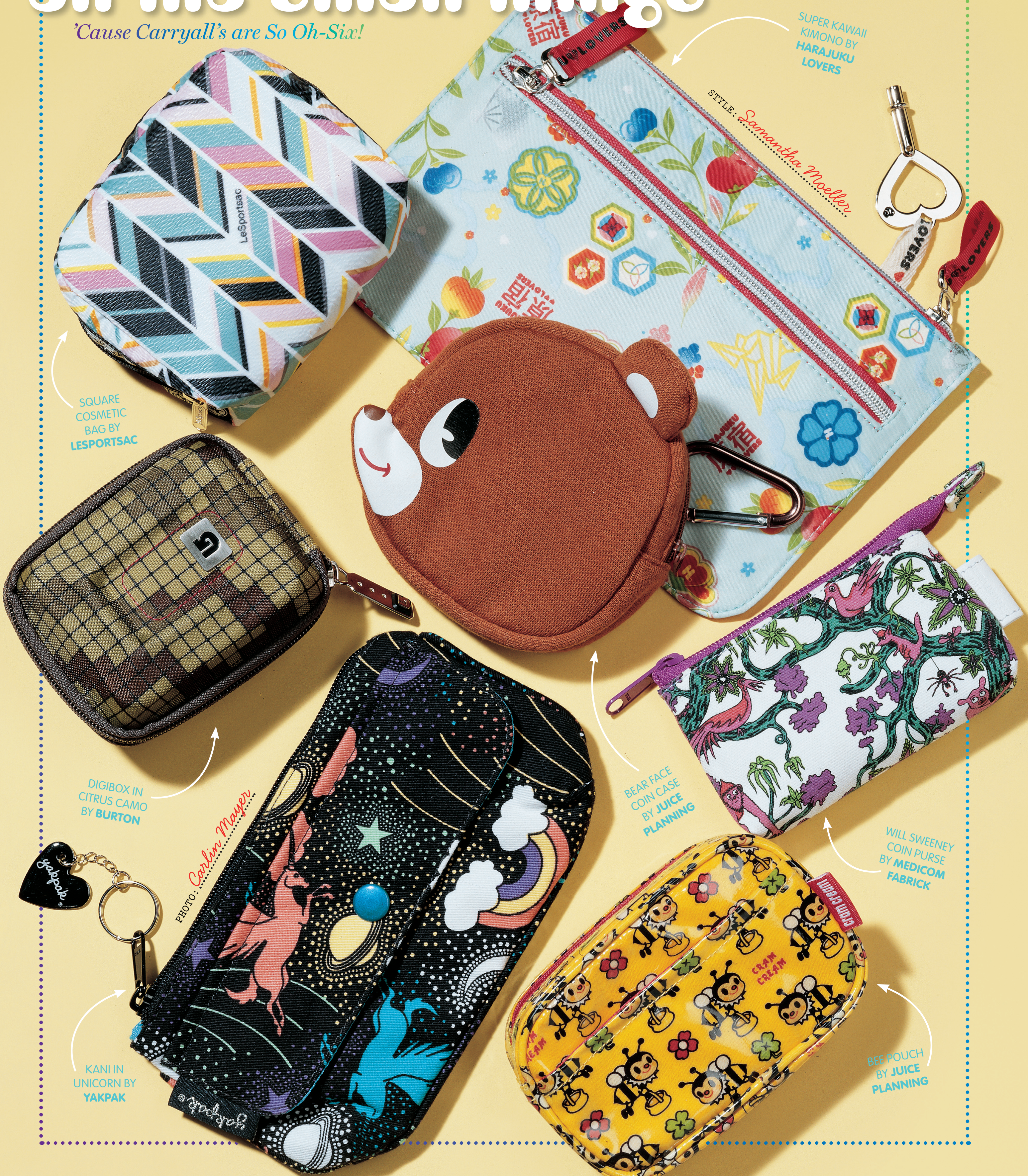
"[On the other hand] one time, Steve-O was in Miami while we were filming and we'd gone out, got wasted, and talked about how we never wanted to have kids. He got so amped on the idea of being free and never having kids that he was like, I wanna get a 'F*ck Babies' tattoo, you wanna do it? I was down, but the next day I was busy with a client, so he had someone else do the tattoo. It didn't translate so well. He wanted a picture of a baby with a cross over it, like the no smoking sign. Somehow it evolved into a dude with his pants down actually f*cking a baby. I saw a look of regret in Steve-O's eyes (which is very rare, when it comes to that guy) when we all realized he looked like a total pedophile. Later, he blacked it out himself into a big black blob [then] Bam and I transformed it into an ostrich. So now he has this dude on his arm f*cking an ostrich doggy-style. It's pretty f*cking bad.

"I will never stop tattooing, but I always told myself, if there was a way for me to make money elsewhere, I would not tattoo for a living, I would do it for fun...you know, just tattoo your friends whenever you want. Tattooing is crazy for me, if I go too long without doing it *I* get withdrawals."

AS TOLD TO: Rob Brink PHOTOS: Brooke Nipar

all the small things

'Cause Carryall's are So Oh-Six!



SUPER KAWAII KIMONO BY **HARAJUKU LOVERS**

SQUARE COSMETIC BAG BY **LESPORTSAC**

DIGIBOX IN CITRUS CAMO BY **BURTON**

BEAR FACE COIN CASE BY **JUICE PLANNING**

WILL SWEENEY COIN PURSE BY **MEDICOM FABRICK**

KANI IN UNICORN BY **YAKPAK**

BEE POUCH BY **JUICE PLANNING**

STYLE: *Samantha Moeller*
PHOTO: *Carlin Mayer*

Snappy Dugout

RAIDERS JACKET COURTESY OF LIZ BACA
GOTTAGETTHEGOODS.COM

In movies of the early '80s, nothing said commitment like throwing your high school letterman jacket on your boo. Much like peeing on a girl marks your territory, it's a beautiful ritual signifying trust and mutual entrapment. By the late '80s and early '90s, fashionable women were copping official sports team jackets which for me brings back warm memories of banging the neglected girlfriends of jock assholes. I love the bold colors and classic logos on Starter brand Dugout jackets for my broad and mighty shoulders but on the slender form of a beautiful woman, something really magical happens.

Not only does it marry my equal love of sports and titties, the Starter jacket is sexy, because well, let's face it, the snappy buttons make for tremendously easy access. Also because I'm a gentleman, I like to see that you're staying warm. Lest you get confused, specific women look phenomenal in this jacket. Hot chicks, like the ones who make and read this magazine. The high-cut back that hits right above the ass and shiny satin that glimmers like official NCAA or professional league lingerie, is wasted on tomboys or butchy dressers. Don't do it if you have any hesitation of your attractiveness.

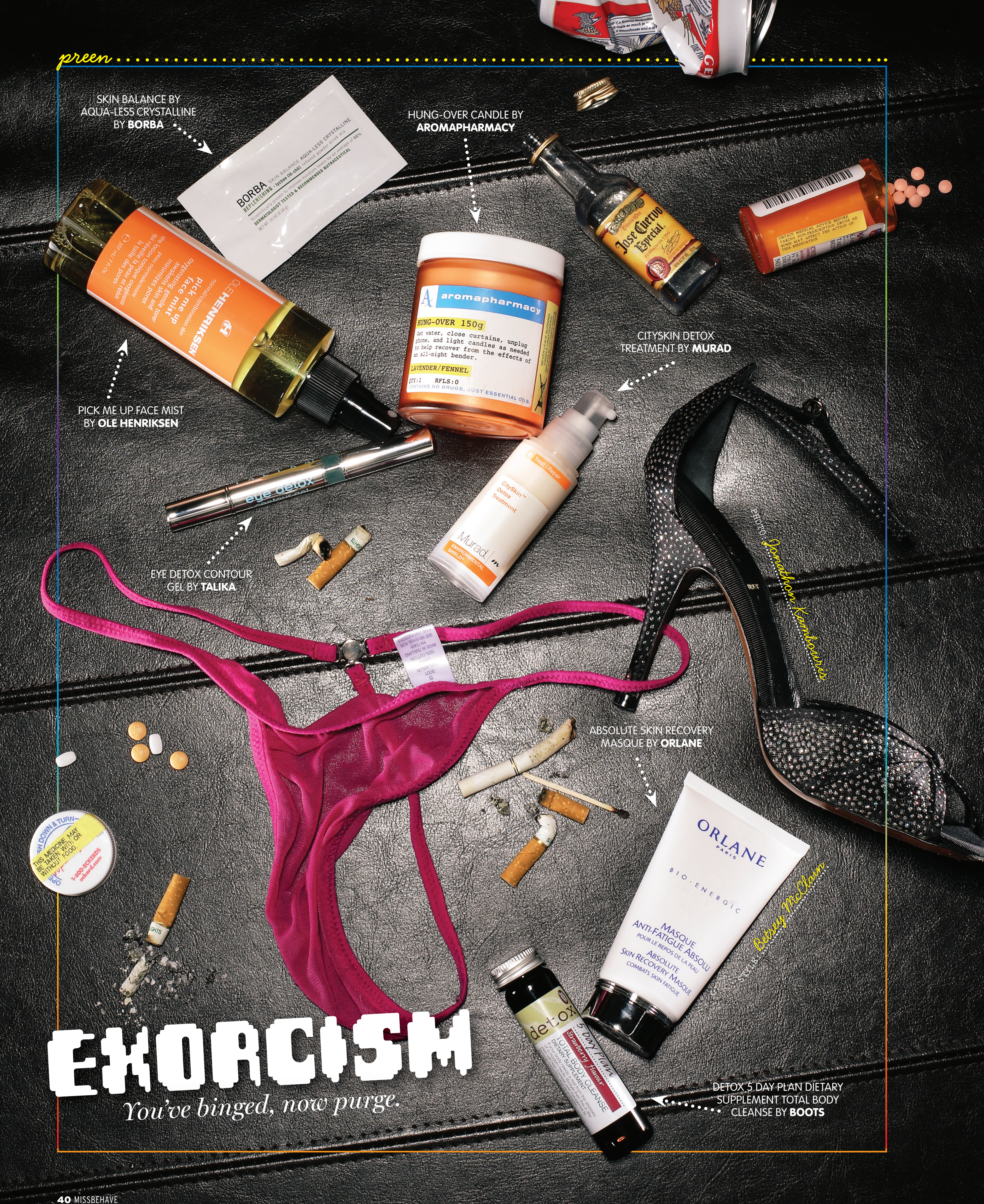
My advice: Go with teams with rugged historical character mascots (49ers), and dangerous animal mascots (Badgers). Be advised to stay away from historical stereotype mascots (Indians), because heavy-handed irony makes me barf. If you insist on wearing a jacket with a silly inane object mascot (Expos), you may as well wear a Keroppi windbreaker, child. I'm done talking to the likes of you.

Note: Corny losers may try to talk to you about sports. Keep an eye on your drink and tell them that the people at the homeless shelter gave it to you. But if I approach you, know that the Starter Dugout jacket is a beacon that speaks to my hate of Eurotrash and suspicion of effeminate men who can spot designer labels. I'm a terrific find so take pride that I'm right outside the line, like a third base coach, ready to wave you on home. My home. And I may steal your jacket 'cause them shits are hard to find nowadays.

WORDS: Maclean Jackson PHOTO: Estevan Oriol

EXORCISM

You've binged, now purge.



SKIN BALANCE BY AQUA-LESS CRYSTALLINE BY **BORBA**

HUNG-OVER CANDLE BY **AROMAPHARMACY**

PICK ME UP FACE MIST BY **OLE HENRIKSEN**

CITYSKIN DETOX TREATMENT BY **MURAD**

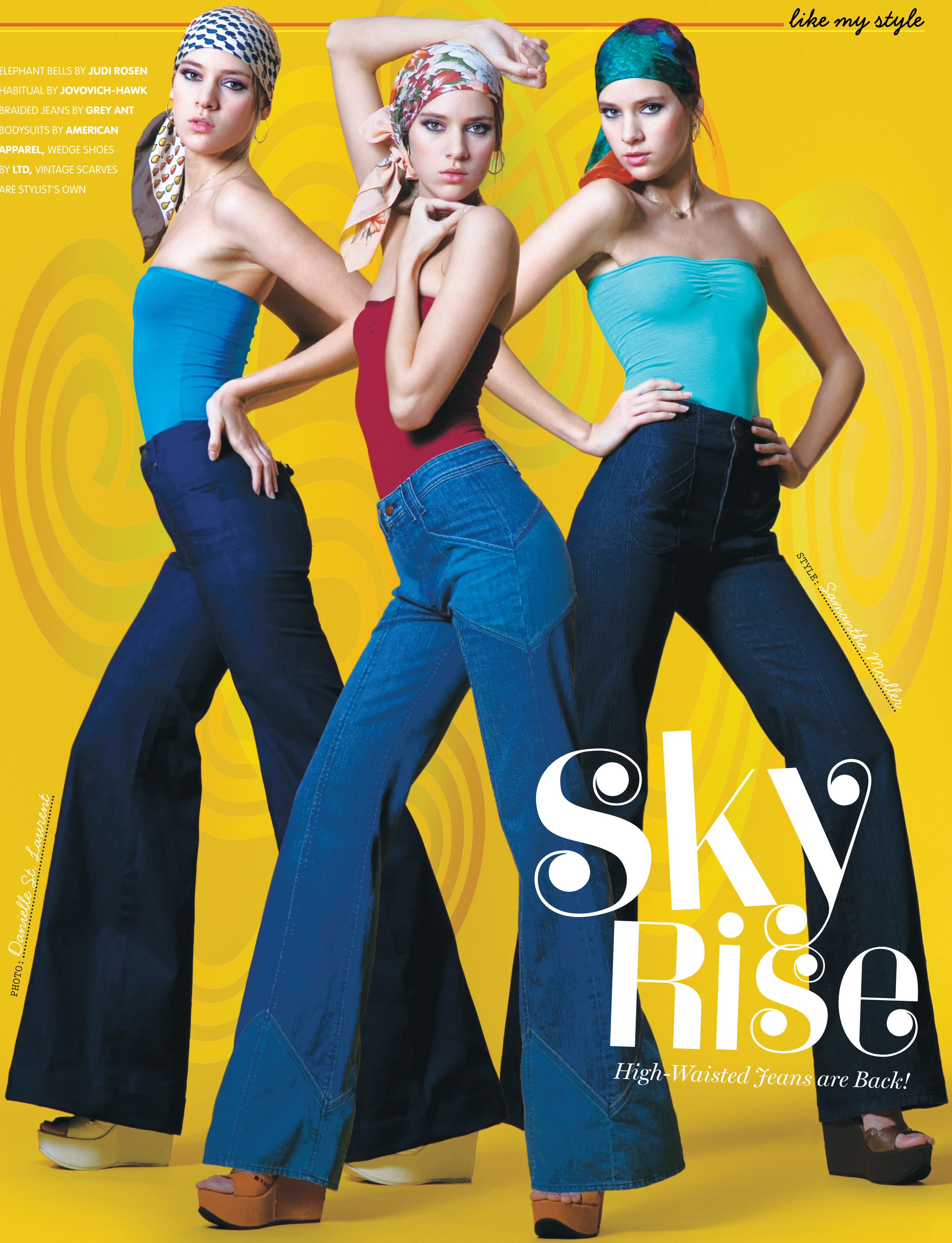
EYE DETOX CONTOUR GEL BY **TALIKA**

ABSOLUTE SKIN RECOVERY MASQUE BY **ORLANE**

DETOX 5 DAY PLAN DIETARY SUPPLEMENT TOTAL BODY CLEANSE BY **BOOTS**

PHOTO Jonathon Kambouris

STYLE Betsey McClain



Sky Rise

High-Waisted Jeans are Back!

ELEPHANT BELLS BY **JUDI ROSEN**
HABITUAL BY **JOVOVICH-HAWK**
BRAIDED JEANS BY **GREY ANT**
BODYSUITS BY **AMERICAN APPAREL,** WEDGE SHOES BY **LTD,** VINTAGE SCARVES ARE STYLIST'S OWN

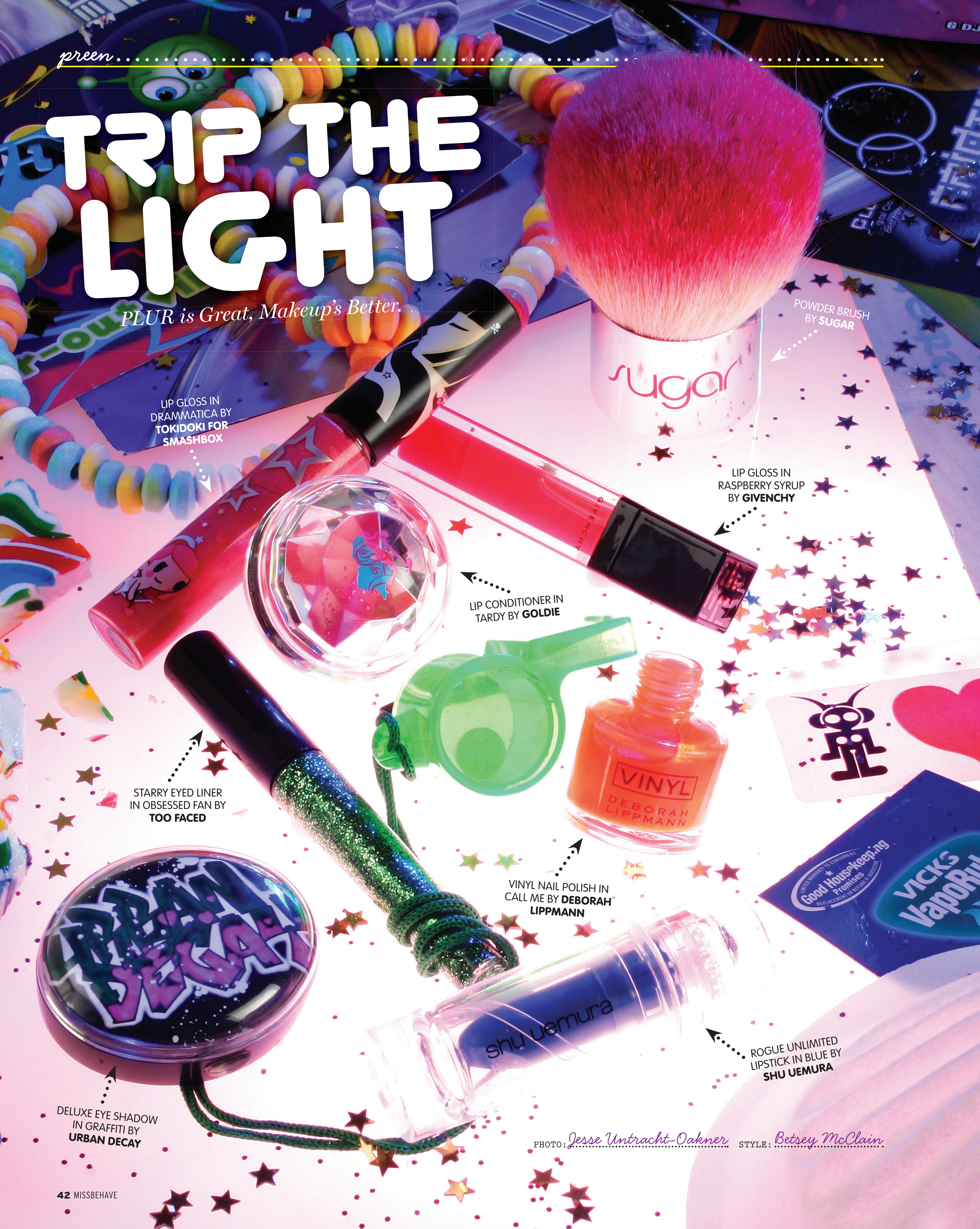
STYLE: *Samantha Moeller*

PHOTO: *Danielle St. Laurent*

MAKEUP: AYA KOURA HAIR: ANDRE DUNN MODEL: ARINA MIKHAYLOVA @ VISION

TRIP THE LIGHT

PLUR is Great, Makeup's Better.



POWDER BRUSH BY **SUGAR**

LIP GLOSS IN DRAMMATICA BY **TOKIDOKI FOR SMASHBOX**

LIP GLOSS IN RASPBERRY SYRUP BY **GIVENCHY**

LIP CONDITIONER IN TARDY BY **GOLDIE**

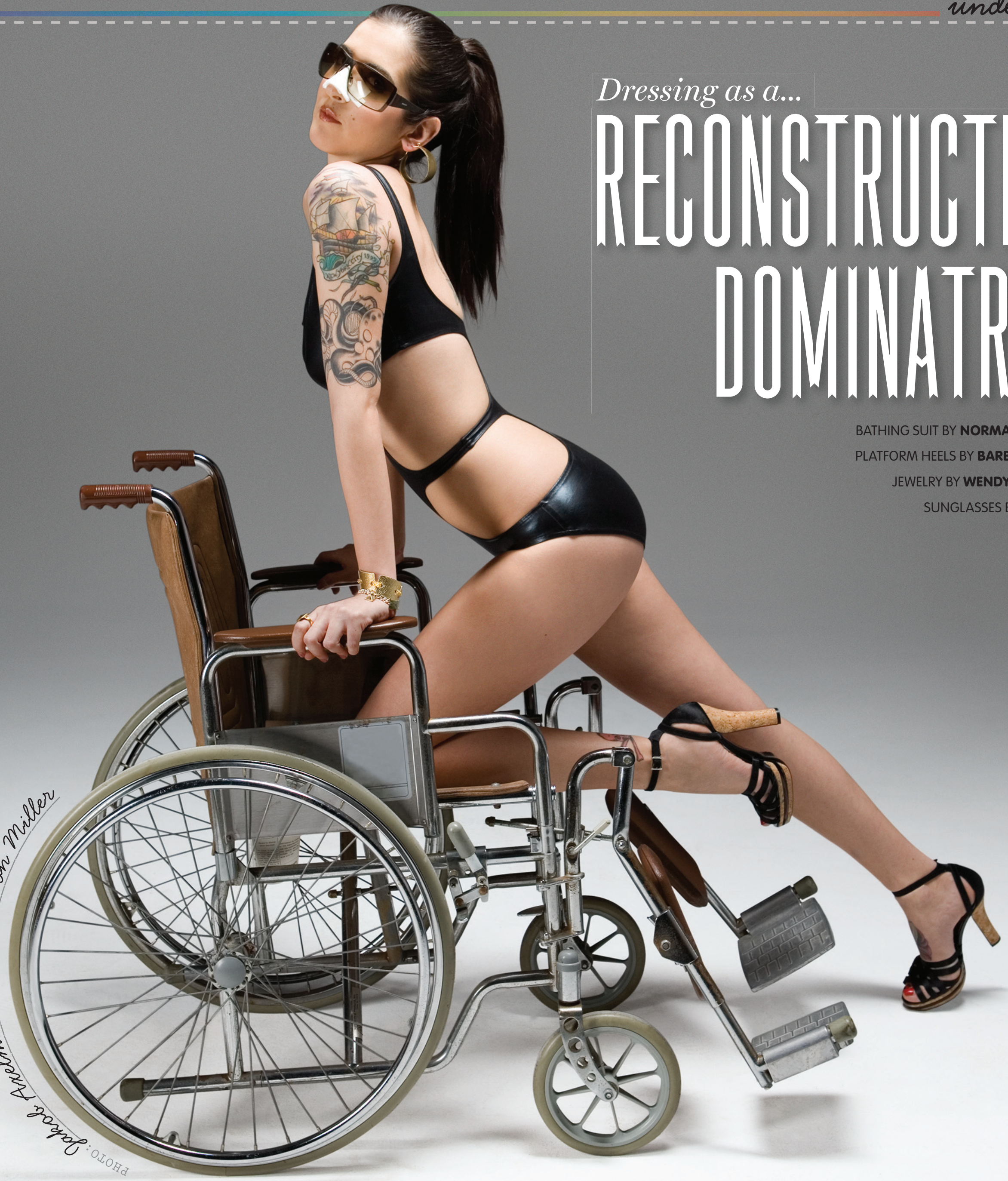
STARRY EYED LINER IN OBSESSED FAN BY **TOO FACED**

VINYL NAIL POLISH IN CALL ME BY **DEBORAH LIPPMANN**

ROGUE UNLIMITED LIPSTICK IN BLUE BY **SHU UEMURA**

DELUXE EYE SHADOW IN GRAFFITI BY **URBAN DECAY**

PHOTO: Jesse Untracht-Oakner STYLE: Betsey McClain



Dressing as a...

RECONSTRUCTED DOMINATRIX

BATHING SUIT BY **NORMA KAMALI**
PLATFORM HEELS BY **BARBARA BUI**
JEWELRY BY **WENDY NICHOL**
SUNGLASSES BY **GUCCI**

STYLE: Allison Miller
PHOTO: Jakob Axelman
MAKEUP: CHRISTINA ZULETA **HAIR:** MIKE MARTINEZ **MODEL:** SONA GEVORKIAN

Announcement: Friends, clients, and pathetic, sniveling submissives, I will no longer answer to the name Mistress Fatty McElephantine. As you can see, I've undergone extensive surgery—gastric bypass, abdominoplasty, breast reduction, liposuction of the knees, hips, thighs, arms, as well as the labiaplasty I've wanted for years. Granted, I can no longer perform the ever-popular smothering act that my previously colossal FUPA made possible, but all ya'll chubby-chasin' Asphyxiaphiles are just going to have to find a way to keep on keepin' on. Breath play is kinda risky anyways. Gawd, I miss old INXS.

Since raw materials are scarce, I shall be donating my old XXXXL rubber costumes and latex corsets to the war efforts, where they will be fashioned into lifesaving inflatable pontoons. In my former likeness. With three working orifices. 'Cause troops need to blow off steam and hell, it's a great metaphor for our forced penetration in the region.

To all my detractors, lemme just say this surgery was the ultimate masochistic act, a true blood ritual. In fact, I'm keeping it old school. Expect hella Roman showers since all I want to do right now is hork up the painkillers. Welcome home vomitorium. Just don't think that because I'm hot and skinny now that I'll revert to vanilla sex—I'll leave that to the sweater-set, baby-powdered camel toe clan. I still do everything on the old menu, the safe word is still, "bacon," but now it's just way easier to say it when the new me sits on your face.

—as told to Olivia Allin

Fantasy Handbag

Stuntin' in Second Life

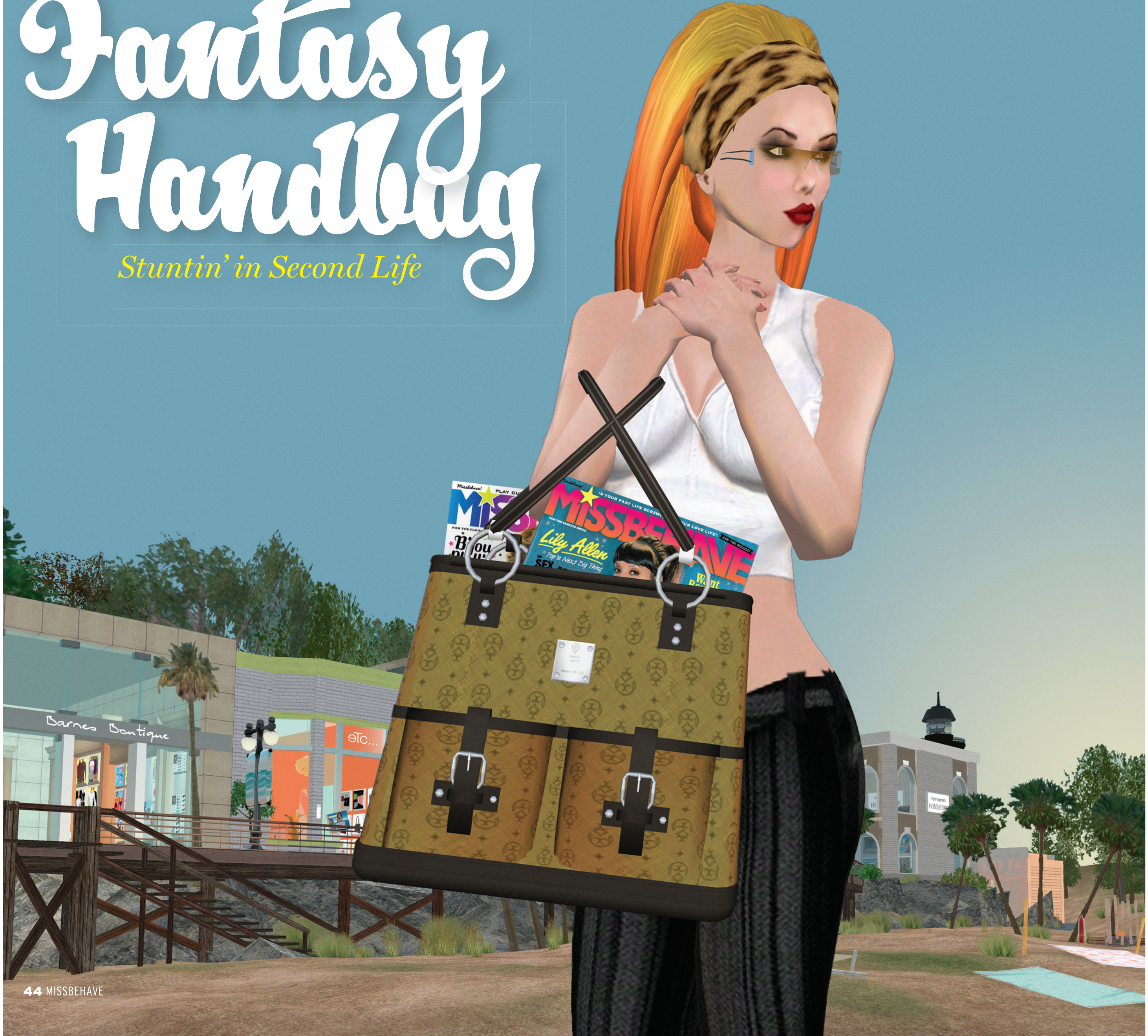
I once killed a woman for a purse. Years ago. She was a newlywed. Pretty girl, but it was the last monogrammed Christian Dior saddlebag and really why should some Italian debutante with a black Amex get everything? The family didn't press charges. I plead It-bag hysteria—which, as it turns out, translates to temporary insanity. Now my lawyers are spoiling for a fight, 'cause there's a new must-have on the handbag scene and it's gonna get ugly.

Dubbed the "Bijou," the curvaceous body is crafted in ostrich leather with vermeil silver hardware that connect black vachetta leather handles and secures the straps to the two sleekly lined pockets. The embossed logo reads "Nomine and Legend," the esteemed design house of cult-followed Munchflower Zaius and Fatal Raine. Doesn't exactly roll off the tongue, but neither does Proenza Schouler. Munch and Fatal achieved iconic status in the last two years, with thousands of restless, bag-crazed fans banging on their door every single day—including our favorite subject of unbridled idolatry, Kate Moss.

Getting your hands on this bad boy is harder than exhuming Grace Kelly for her Hermés. It's not just a wait list issue. You'll have to clone yourself, learn to fly, and then schlep 700 meters in the sky to go get it. You see, the bag isn't real. This hot new accessory, exclusively designed for *Missbehave,* exists within the virtual confines of Second Life. Munch and Fatal are avatars, the cyber-egos of real people inside this online world. It's like the *Matrix* meets MySpace—You can drink coffee, puff trees, teleport to Indonesia, see a shrink, and have polyamorous relationships. Second Life is admittedly dorky but kinda sexy too—MTV has opened a headquarters, American Apparel has stores, Sundance gave a film screening, and Harvard is offering law classes.

For us, Second Life is a superficial utopia. Not only can you try on absolutely anything, you can even indulge in our favorite pastime—cosmetic surgery! Cyber augmentation comes at a price, and this is where virtual becomes real. Money exchanges hands. This tote will set you back about $1,200 Lindens (the local currency, which—get this—trades at about 260 to the dollar.) Yes. Cold. Hard. Cash. PayPal does the exchange for you, and with over three million users picking up private islands and brothels, it tallies upwards of a million USD per day.

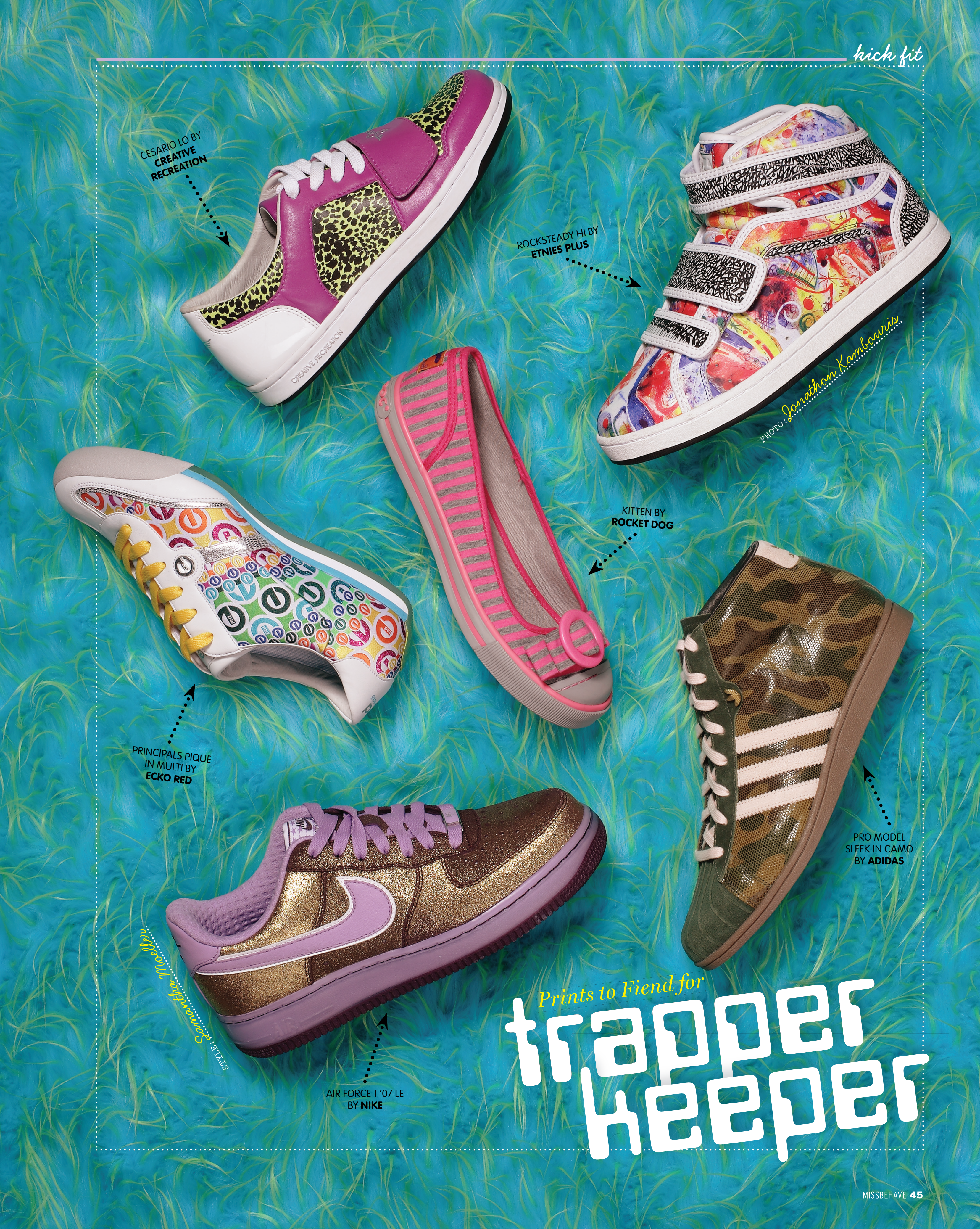
So pony up them Lindens, and cop the "Bijou." Just because it's a parallel cyber universe doesn't mean you can be caught slipping on your bag game. Our avatars will call you out.—*Christie Nicholson*



AVATAR, CLOTHING & ACCESSORIES BY MUNCHFLOWER ZAIUS AND FATAL RAINE. AVAILABLE IN WORLD AT NOMINE.

Prints to Fiend for

trapper keeper



CESARIO LO BY **CREATIVE RECREATION**

ROCKSTEADY HI BY **ETNIES PLUS**

KITTEN BY **ROCKET DOG**

PRINCIPALS PIQUE IN MULTI BY **ECKO RED**

PRO MODEL SLEEK IN CAMO BY **ADIDAS**

AIR FORCE 1 '07 LE BY **NIKE**

PHOTO: *Jonathon Kambouris*

STYLE: *Samantha Moeller*

meeting in the ladies room

RASPUTIN CABARET

2670 Coney Island Ave. Brooklyn, NY 11235

For years, men left sitting and stirring their drinks have wondered uneasily what exactly women are doing when they disappear behind the mysterious doors of the ladies room. *Missbehave* pulls back the curtain and takes a closer look at the plotting and planning that goes on in these nocturnal social boardrooms of New York's most flavorful clubs.

Picture the drama of a Russian cabaret played against the backdrop of a 1950s New York City night club, and you'll begin to get an idea of the awesomeness that is Rasputin Cabaret. Behind its ladies room door, glamour is high, lipstick is required, and high heels are never ever painful.

WORDS: *Lois Sakany* PHOTOS: *Emily Rawlings*

INNA PILIPENKO

How old are you? 22 **Where are you from?** Ukraine **What do you do for a living?** I work in clubs and go to Baruch College. **What are you wearing?** The outfit is from Macy's and the shoes are from the Ukraine. **Who's your favorite designer?** I don't have one. Whatever looks good. **What type of lipstick/gloss are you wearing?** I don't know the name of the brand. **What's the strangest thing in your purse?** Ibuprofen. I carry everything in there. **Are there any cute boys in the club right now?** There's a few **Do your feet hurt?** They're fine **What's your sign?** Taurus

YULIYA BALIMAKOVA

How old are you? 30 **Where are you from?** Moscow **What do you do for a living?** I'm a student at Rutgers. **What are you wearing?** I bought the clothes at Saks Fifth Avenue and I purchased the shoes in Miami. The bag is Roberto Cavalli. **Who's your favorite designer?** Chanel **What type of lipstick/gloss are you wearing?** Christian Dior **What's the strangest thing in your purse?** My cell phone **Are there any cute boys in the club right now?** My husband **Do your feet hurt?** Not yet **What's your sign?** Libra

How old are you? 36 **Where are you from?** Ukraine **What do you do for a living?** I'm a dance teacher. **What are you wearing?** The outfit is from Fox's and the purse is from bebe. **Who's your favorite designer?** I have a lot—Dolce & Gabbana, Cavalli, and DKNY. **What type of lipstick/gloss are you wearing?** Lancôme **What's the strangest thing in your purse?** Nothing really **Are there any cute boys in the club right now?** I haven't seen any yet. I just got here. **Do your feet hurt?** Never! **What's your sign?** Gemini

ANGELA KIRSHON

How old are you? 22 **Where are you from?** Moscow **What do you do for a living?** I'm a bartender, hostess, and waitress. **What are you wearing?** A Donna Karan top and leggings and the shoes are from Macy's. **Who's your favorite designer?** Calvin Klein **What type of lipstick/gloss are you wearing?** I wear either Lancôme or Christian Dior. **What's the strangest thing in your purse?** Shoes. I'm working now and I always bring a comfortable pair to put on after work. **Are there any cute boys in the club right now?** I think so, yeah. **Do your feet hurt?** They don't hurt. **What's your sign?** Leo

ALINA CHERNIKOVA

VICTORIA PROKOFEVA

How old are you? 30 **Where are you from?** Ukraine **What do you do for a living?** It's going to be a long story, but I'll leave it at designer. **What are you wearing?** The dress is Dolce & Gabbana, the shoes are Prada, the watch is Bulgari, and the bag is DKNY. **Who's your favorite designer?** Dolce & Gabbana **What type of lipstick/gloss are you wearing?** Lip Fusion **What's the strangest thing in your purse?** Nothing strange, just a rip! **Are there any cute boys in the club right now?** My husband **Do your feet hurt?** Not anymore **What's your sign?** Cancer

Hellz Bellz

SALVATION FROM LAME BRANDS

Streetwear follows that whole FUBU strategy—for us by us—until a bunch of Koreans or Jews buy everyone out. It's wicked harmonious, a bunch of dudes creating duds for other like-minded dudes. But what the hell are you supposed to wear if you're a girl? I mean, if you're not down to rock cursive on your ass, pastel snow camo, floral embroidery or velvet/satin detailing. Finally, something better has arrived for us fairer folk.

Hellz Bellz is the clothing company headed by Lanie Alabanza that combines gritty graphics with non-puke eliciting feminine styling. Streetwear for gutsier girls that draws inspiration from sources like vintage sexploitation flicks to The Clash to Minnie Mouse. Alabanza, who is the Creative Director and Executive-Doer-of-Everything-Else-Too, started Hellz Bellz in 2005 because, like many of us, she was sick of being relegated to all the fugly shit that streetwear companies expected girls to wear. "By no means do I ever wanna dress like a guy," begins the 27-year-old Alabanza, who started her company with her husband Bam Barcena, "But I was tired of shopping with Bam and being upset that the Ts he was buying weren't offered in my size. I like wearing graphics and wanted to make a super hot line for girls who felt a void in the female street market."

Despite the unmet niche, Lanie didn't up and become an overnight success. In fact, she started her career in 1999 as a lowly intern at Alphanumeric (one of the first streetwear lines), moved on to Triple Five Soul, and finally to Rocawear, where she triumphed as the Art Director and knitwear designer. "Never let being a female dictate your status in whatever industry you're in," advises the San Diego native. "Learn as much as you can from people who have been in the business for a long time, network, and don't be so cocky!"

Where you can afford to be a little cockier is in the clothes you rock—but as with everything, there is a fine line. "Only the really self-confident can walk down the street wearing a T-shirt with a hot weapon-packing chick on the front and not hesitate," says Lanie. Just like only the really slutty can wear a T-shirt with "It's not going to lick itself" on the front and not hesitate.

WORDS: *Olivia Allin* PHOTO: *Margo Silver*

HELLZ BELLZ

Santi White

SOLID GOLD STANDARD

WORDS: Rob Brink PHOTO: Brooke Nipar

Santi White, the singer, had her first performance at a mock hair salon fashioned from a bathroom closet. She was 7. "I had hair supplies and perfumes all lined up on the floor, and drew a couple of pictures for the walls," begins the Philly-bred, Bed Stuy-residing songwriter, "I think I even put up 'Grand Opening' flyers around my block and was kinda bummed when no one but my little brother came on the big day." A couple of years after her humble entrée into a tough business, Santi White, at 9, began writing songs. "I never wanted to be a performer or anything," says White, "but it makes sense [since] I really hate office jobs."

She learned the last fact after a couple of music industry internships, record label gigs, an e-commerce business, and working at random art galleries while attending college. It was during these years, 2001 to be exact, that White founded and fronted the punk band Stiffed. She executive produces for herself and other artists (including last month's *Missbehave* cover gal Lily Allen), owns a music publishing company, and just wrapped up her latest solo project, *Santogold*, slated for a late spring release on Lizard King Records. The latter was done with help from a few Stiffed members, Clifford "Moonie" Pusey from Steel Pulse, the late Disco D, Switch, Spank Rock, and her boyfriend, professional snowboarder Trevor "Trouble" Andrew. And you thought you were busy and had a deep buddy list, right?

Admittedly a pop artist (in that she wants as many people as possible to know her music), White doesn't adhere to the philosophy that pop has to be "disposable" or "lacking substance," a fact she clearly delineates in her musical influences. "Artists like Blondie, Prince, and The Police were all pop artists," clarifies White, "but they wrote brilliant creative music as well and I want to bring back the art and take pop back from the wasteland it currently resides in."

This is a monumentally ambitious task in an age when Brooke Hogan can land a recording contract, but seeing what Santi's accomplished thus far, she might actually be able to pull it off.

Like it RAW

SARMA MELNGAILIS DOES NOT COOK

WORDS: Samantha Moeller PHOTO: Angela Boatwright

Raw food. Let's be honest, it doesn't sound pretty and it sure doesn't sound filling. And well, I hate hippies. Especially smug hippies with woolly sweaters who eat things like kale and buckwheat while I eat nachos at my desk. So I'm admittedly skeptical while waiting for Sarma Melngailis, the 34-year-old owner of Manhattan eatery Pure Food and Wine and author of *Raw Food Real World.*

Turns out Sarma is A) Way hotter than you'd expect and B) A keen-ass business woman. She used to have a lucrative career working in hedge funds, which she tells me about while I munch on mini fennel and truffle tarts, creamy cauliflower samosas, and shiitake and avocado sushi rolls. Okay, everything I try is delicious. Honest.

Sarma's introduction to the new cuisine was a fluke. En route to a posh new eatery she wound up at a raw food joint. "I was really pissed," remembers Melngailis. "We were supposed to go to 66, Jean-Georges [Vongerichten]'s new restaurant. But our friend said, Hey, I've been eating in this different way and I want to take you to this raw food place. I was so mad in that snotty way."

The experience was an epiphany. Luckily, Sarma had already left finance for culinary school, so she reasoned that a fancy raw food restaurant was in order. But first, she'd have to immerse herself in the lifestyle. "Most people transition into it but I was like, Okay nothing but raw foods." The transition was um… kinda gross. "It felt like I shed a skin," begins the restauranteur. "I'd wake up and my nose wouldn't stop running. Another day, and this is disgusting, but you know how you get eye stuff in the morning? All day, I was oozing eye gunk. And then, I smelled bad. I was showering three times a day."

The detox period has passed. Sarma's skin is glowing, her hair is annoyingly shiny, and though I take a sneaky sniff, she smells good. I gotta tell you, after the meal I was not only really full but kinda converted, too. Plus, I scored a sack of raw snacks from Sarma's takeaway brand One Lucky Duck and a copy of her book. I still hate hippies but I love free stuff and tasty food.

HOMO THUGS

RAPPERS V.I.P. ARE NOT ON THE D.L.

WORDS: *Maureen Dempsey* PHOTO: *Todd Selby*

"A lot of people think that I'm fake, but this is really me," explains Jonny Makeup, center, of his high-pitched, squeal-inflected speech and overtly flamboyant mannerisms—as bandmates Bear, left, and Peter Party, right, nod in concurrence. The three comprise V.I.P., a gay hardcore rap group straight out of, um…Philly, with a dedicated following on MySpace—their three singles currently posted have received over 40,000 hits.

Jonny and Peter Party go way back, getting acquainted while "manning" phone-sex lines (manning: impersonating horny chicks for gloriously unsuspecting hetero men). Along came Bear (yes, his government name) two years later, and the three, who all claim knew that they were destined for life on stage, formed V.I.P.

"I'm definitely the Beyoncé of the group," says Jonny, as bandmates nod in agreement. "And these are my girls, Kelly and Michelle." Further agreement. "I met her once. We hung out for 17 minutes," Jonny adds, expounding on the wonderful magic that is Beyoncé. "I played her our music. She danced for me and gave me a little butt shake."

One thing is certain: Jonny Makeup, Bear, and Peter Party can actually spit (and swallow) as evidenced by this colorful couplet: "I eat his asshole like a casserole/lick my lips, then give him a kiss/Don't get pissed, he's just a check off the list." Moreover, they're ready to become the next super group of the rap world. "There are a lot of gay rappers out there," declares Jonny, "but they stay in the closet. Our music is true to life. Everything we rap about has actually happened to us." The trio definitely have stories. "I was almost abducted once by one of our fans," adds Bear. "But luckily he turned the car around and dropped me off at the hotel."

Barring all kidnappings, where will they be in five years? "Indie rock hip-hop superstars, working with our favorite monumental musical icons," declares Peter. But until that happens, be warned: The next time you dial that 900 number, you could be getting off to the next big thing.

Get yourself off for free at myspace.com/vippartyboys.

STYLING BY ROSE GARCIA. (LEFT TO RIGHT) ON BEAR: JACKET BY **TELFAR**, HOODIE BY **UMBRO BY KIM JONES**, JEANS BY **AMERICAN APPAREL**, SNEAKERS BY **ADIDAS**. ON JONNY: ALL CLOTHES BY **JEREMY SCOTT**, SNEAKERS BY **FILA**. ON PETER: JACKET BY **D&G**, TOP BY **KSUBI**, JEANS BY **DIESEL**, SNEAKERS BY **ADIDAS**.

IN VINO VERITAS

AMY WINEHOUSE IS THE TRUTH

STYLING: **ALLISON MILLER**
FUR ZEBRA TRENCH BY **MIN-K**

WORDS: **JESSICA JONES**
PHOTOS: **BROOKE NIPAR**

Hearing Amy Winehouse is like hearing a ghost. Her haunting voice betrays her shockingly brief tenure with the living (23 years), and you'd be hard pressed to find someone who, upon hearing her arresting hook on Ghostface's "You Know I'm No Good," didn't think her to be a long-dead soulstress summoned by the RZA's sampling. But no, the British vocalist is very much alive. In fact, despite its vintage feel (courtesy of Mark Ronson and Fugees producer Saalam Remi) Amy's latest offering, *Back to Black*—which is best described as the album you've fruitlessly spent years wishing Lauryn Hill would make—is No. 1 in the UK and dropped stateside in March.

One cannot however, sound like a ghost without flirting with the other side. Three years after *Frank*, her platinum debut, Winehouse has gotten more press for her binge drinking and admitted eating disorder than her spine-tingling vocals. Last fall, she stunned viewers of *The Charlotte Church Show* with an incoherent take on Jacko's "Beat It." In January, she ran off stage to allegedly throw up in the middle of her first song (and never returned) at London's G-A-Y.

Today is *Missbehave*'s second attempt at interviewing the siren. The first was thwarted when she stumbled out declaring fatigue. This time, Amy seems more alert but she twitches uncontrollably begging the question of whether she's A) Drunk, B) High, or C) As she says, "really nervous." Either way, if it wasn't for that voice—that freakishly beseeching, soul-stirring voice—we wouldn't still be chasing Amy.

SILVER DRESS BY **HANNAH S.**
GOLD BRACELET BY **WENDY NICHOL**
ALL OTHER JEWELRY IS AMY'S OWN.

DOES IT FEEL STRANGE THAT YOU'RE PLATINUM IN THE UK BUT ONLY ABOUT TO BLOW UP HERE IN THE US?
[*Yawns*] Yeah, I guess so. Amazingly strange really. It feels really cool. You know like... you do a lot of promotion. It's not like you get a lot of time to really sit around and go, Yeah, shit I've sold however much I've sold. [It's] a 10K, a very intense marathon.

HOW OLD WERE YOU WHEN YOU DISCOVERED THIS VOICE OF YOURS?
I don't remember not being able to sing, you know. I was always singing. And I didn't think [my voice] was that special. I didn't think it was particularly that wow.

WHEN WERE YOU FIRST SIGNED?
I signed to Island when I was probably about 18, and I have been working with my management company since I was about 16.

WHO ARE SOME OF YOUR MUSICAL INFLUENCES?
I have so many, to be honest. I like anyone who stands out, that's got something really different about them. For this record I [was most influenced by] the Shangri-Las' "Wishing Well," and a lot of other '50s and '60s groups—like The Angels and The Five Royales. I really love the Five Royales.

Winehouse is spacey and her attention span is slender. During her New York appearance in January at Joe's Pub, her voice was effortlessly commanding and as embittered as you'd hoped. But the big timbre comes too easily to the tiny Winehouse. She woolgathers mid-song while absent-minded fingers wander to play with teased hair, skirt hems, and generously poured Amaretto Sours. Ask her a question, and it's more of the same. It is as if you've interrupted her internal dialogue. Most times, it takes several beats for her to register that she's supposed to respond. And sometimes, she'll become addled in the middle of her answer. Case in point...

HOW WOULD YOU DISTINGUISH YOURSELF FROM OTHER MUSICIANS?
I don't know. I don't know. I don't know. You know, we're all musicians at the end of the day. So I guess, you know [*takes a very long pause*]... Yeah, I guess so...

OKAY... WHAT WAS YOUR CHILDHOOD LIKE?
It was good. You know I love the family. I'm a family girl. I guess it was like anyone else's childhood, you know. I've got a brother who's four years older. And my mum and dad, my grandma lives around the corner.

DO YOU HAVE MUSICAL PARENTS?
My mum is a pharmacist and my dad is a cab driver. He's like a real London cab driver. I mean, I guess [he's] like a New York cab driver in like he's really, like, abrupt. My dad's really funny. I just made him sound really scary. He's not. My dad's not. My dad's like a teddy bear.

A LOT OF YOUNG, FAMOUS GIRLS ARE HAVING PROBLEMS WITH THEIR PUBLIC PERSONAS. WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IS THE HARDEST PART ABOUT YOUR NOTORIETY?
Uh, I'm not really that famous. I guess now I am a bit actually. I wouldn't say that there's anything... I don't know, you know? I'd say that the hardest part is I get confused if someone comes up to me and says, Amy. I think they know me and I don't really [realize] that they've only seen me on telly or something. I'm always like, Hi. And they're like, Amy. And I'm like, Hi, how are you? And then they're like, Amy Winehouse. And you're like, Oh shit, okay [I don't know you]. But other than that it's not really hard.

IN YOUR SINGLE "REHAB" YOU SAY "THEY TRIED TO MAKE ME GO TO REHAB, I SAID NO." BUT RECENTLY, YOU ADMITTED TO DRINKING TOO MUCH. DO YOU CONSIDER YOURSELF AN ALCOHOLIC?
I don't really have a problem with drinking. I just really *like* alcohol. Do you know what I mean? You know I'm a young girl. I don't drink to get drunk. I just really like alcohol. I probably drink too much, but I'm quite a healthy person, so any alcohol is really too much. Do you know what I mean?

Winehouse looks different than when she first debuted in 2003. She's got tattoos all over her arms and she's been loading up on cosmetics—thick black eyeliner and red lipstick. The most noticeable change in her appearance is her weight—or lack thereof. Her rail thin figure does little to fill out the blue jeans she's wearing.

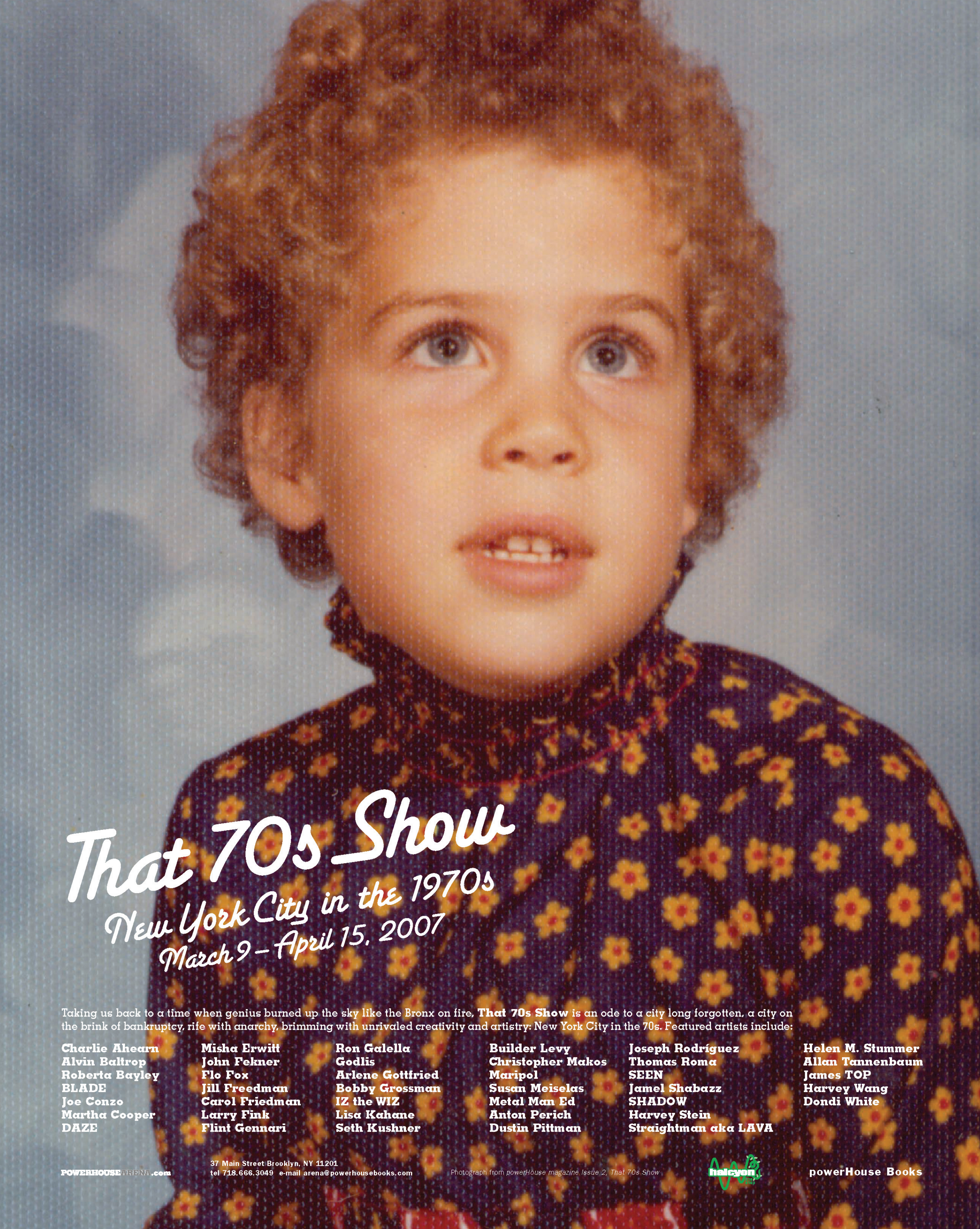
IN *GIGWISE* MAGAZINE YOU ADMITTED TO HAVING AN EATING DISORDER, AND SAID THAT BY BEING VOCAL ABOUT IT, YOU HOPE TO HELP OTHER GIRLS. DO YOU STILL HAVE A DISORDER?
I think that got a bit blown out of proportion. I don't know. I don't know. I don't know. I'm too stressed to eat. And a lot of women have that, you know? When you're so busy you don't want to sit down and eat anything. Or you just don't have time to eat. Like today... I like chicken, and we got fried chicken, but I'm just running about. I want to please everyone, [so] I don't have time to sit down and eat food. If I go out to dinner, I'll have a nice dinner. But definitely, I don't mind saying like, I forgot to eat today or I didn't eat much. But I like talking about that because there [are] some girls who are like that—women who are like that—who are just running about.

SO YOU WOULDN'T SAY THAT YOU HAVE A PROBLEM AT ALL?
Not really. Like I [just] said, I'll probably go and eat something properly now.

IF YOU WEREN'T A MUSICIAN WHAT WOULD YOU BE DOING?
Uh, playing pool somewhere. That's a good question you know. I know that if I didn't go to work today I would play pool. But I don't know in the grand scheme of things what I would be doing. Probably doing journalism I think. No I wouldn't be doing journalism. I would probably be... [*putting her shoulder on her knee and resting her chin in her hands*]... I have no idea. That's a good question. I'd probably be married to my boyfriend Alex by now and have like, you know, five mini Alexes—mini Alexes and Amys.

HOW LONG HAVE YOU GUYS BEEN TOGETHER?
About ten months. He's a chef, a fine chef. We met at the pub. I was playing pool and we both looked at each other like, Uh, hello. He used to go in there and I used to go in there, but we'd never met. And he walked in and I was like, I haven't seen you in here before. He's so gorgeous.

ANY ADVICE FOR WOULD-BE SINGERS?
I don't think that I was a young girl who wanted to become a singer. [And] I don't wish someone had [advised me]. I was just singing in a pub and someone was like, Hey do you want to do this? I'll get you studio time. I would say to girls if you want to sing, listen to music you love. Keep listening to the music you love and you have to write what you would like to hear, not what you think other people would like. ★



That 70s Show

New York City in the 1970s

March 9 – April 15, 2007

Taking us back to a time when genius burned up the sky like the Bronx on fire, **That 70s Show** is an ode to a city long forgotten, a city on the brink of bankruptcy, rife with anarchy, brimming with unrivaled creativity and artistry: New York City in the 70s. Featured artists include:

Charlie Ahearn
Alvin Baltrop
Roberta Bayley
BLADE
Joe Conzo
Martha Cooper
DAZE
Misha Erwitt
John Fekner
Flo Fox
Jill Freedman
Carol Friedman
Larry Fink
Flint Gennari
Ron Galella
Godlis
Arlene Gottfried
Bobby Grossman
IZ the WIZ
Lisa Kahane
Seth Kushner
Builder Levy
Christopher Makos
Maripol
Susan Meiselas
Metal Man Ed
Anton Perich
Dustin Pittman
Joseph Rodríguez
Thomas Roma
SEEN
Jamel Shabazz
SHADOW
Harvey Stein
Straightman aka LAVA
Helen M. Stummer
Allan Tannenbaum
James TOP
Harvey Wang
Dondi White

POWERHOUSEARENA.com

37 Main Street Brooklyn, NY 11201
tel 718.666.3049 e-mail arena@powerhousebooks.com

Photograph from *powerHouse magazine Issue 2, That 70s Show*

halcyon

powerHouse Books

REXI EDITION

MONOTONY

THE QUEST FOR SKINNY PERFECTION

WORDS: **MARY HK CHOI** ILLUSTRATION & DESIGN: **ANDREA VON BUJDOSS**

Isn't it rad how famous people are malnourished and poor people are fat? Thank God, 'cause movie stars and type II Diabetes don't make for good *Us Weekly* headlines. Renal failure in Kitson? So not hot.

Despite trend forecasts, soccer never had a shot at becoming America's favorite past time. Beckham bending it stateside might've made a splash if weight watching his waifish wife wasn't the spectator sport to beat. What is more entertaining than witnesses Anorexia Nervosa unfurling in the swiftly diminishing bosoms of these 80-pound, 20-something celebs? We may be mortified to admit this, in a climate where even younger girls are keeling over and dying on runways, but it's true. We as a nation, and as a gender, are obsessed with skinniness.

Quiz us on the caloric value of every type of comestible in every type of cuisine and we'll be correct within a margin of 15. Mulligatawny soup? Surprisingly high at 450 for a cup. We know we're nuts. We've been on some sort of diet since we were about 8. A number, by the way, that inspires scorn because the Arabic numeral looks like a fat chick in a belt.

It's funny how girls are so competitive. Even in a race to brittle hair, hollow bones, and perhaps death. It's gallows humor and it's hilarious. To think you're in control 'cause you can will yourself to a smaller size? It's as naïve as teaching abstinence in the hopes of preventing teenage pregnancy and venereal disease.

It's a skinny pandemic out there so watch your back and watch your girlfriends' backs. In the meantime, have the self-awareness to join us in a rousing round of Monotony, an eating disorder board game of our devising and the ultimate metaphor for toying with your health. It's not that insensitivity is the new irony (which it is), it's that we enjoy getting totally justified hate mail from concerned mothers. We shred it up, boil it in chicken broth, and eat it for three days at a go. Because we heard that's what Beyoncé did when she wanted to get skinny for *Dreamgirls*.

GETTING STARTED:

To determine your start point you have to figure out your BMI (Body Mass Index), which is basically how dense your body is. Not dense like, you think you're still a virgin after anal.

Take your weight in pounds.

Divide it by your height in inches.

Divide it AGAIN by your height in inches.

Multiply the number by 703...

USE A CALCULATOR LADIES!

If you have a BMI of under:	START AT
18.5	Box No. 1

If you have a BMI of:	START AT
18.5-24.9	Box No. 2

If you have a BMI of:	START AT
25-29.9	Box No. 3

If you have a BMI of over:	START AT
30	Box No. 4

...GO TO THE GAME BOARD

GO

1

Your clavicle is so pronounced you could cradle an Olsen twin in it. **LIMP ON TO STEP 6.**

2

You buy a Chanel blazer two sizes too small from an overpriced vintage store. You ascribe to draconian weight-loss methods to fit into it. **GO TO STEP 8.**

9

You do not eat for 30 hours. Then, in a trance, you gobble 24 Nutter Butters, a dozen jalapeno poppers, and a trough of KFC mashed potatoes. In your haste you may have accidentally ingested the spork. **CAREFULLY PROCEED TO STEP 19.**

8

Kill the FDA. They took Ephedra off the market and the Ziploc of loose Ma Huang you bought in Chinatown looks a little arrhythmia-ish. Foiled! **GO BACK TO STEP 5.**

10

For breakfast you eat a scrambled egg white and are forced to purchase douchey provisions like Ahi tuna jerky. By lunch you have peed five times. Huzzah. The magic is working. **GO TO STEP 14.**

11

You start smoking to coax your disgusting, slovenly body off the plateau and closer to your goal weight (88 pounds). You will not be fatter than Rachel Zoe or Carinne Roitfeld. Heifers. **GO TO STEP 13.**

12

Boooo. No parasitic flatworms. But no encephalitis from eating raw beef either so yay! On to Master Cleanse! Buy dark, grade B, organic maple syrup, cayenne pepper, and lemons. Pour the grog down your gullet. Gag and choke it up on your Chanel disco platforms. Back to the drawing board. **RETURN TO STEP 5.**

13

Smoke only Virginia Slims or Capris because they are most flattering for fat fingers. The new oral fixation is a glorious respite from all the sordid bovine "chewing." **PUFF OVER TO STEP 20.**

23

Your jacked-up eating has made your metabolism like that of a shark's. Some tote undigested walrus in their guts upwards of three weeks. Having not pooed in same, you worry about a demise as questionably dignified as Elvis'. Abort Atkins for straight-up Rexi action. **GO ON TO STEP 28.**

22

After months of discipline, half the water in your body has fled the premises. Even your worst problem area–your thighs–have been abused to submission. Finally, they look good in tapered jeans. Five minutes later, only high-waisted flared denim is fashionable. It's a mixed bag. **PROCEED TO STEP 26.**

21

You order a redeye Venti Starbucks coffee. You judiciously add skim milk and two Equal. Equal, because you believe Splenda to be a conspiracy. It "used to be" sugar and is therefore, like 78% of all food and humans, out to destroy you. **PROCEED ONLY TO STEP 22. PSYCHO.**

24

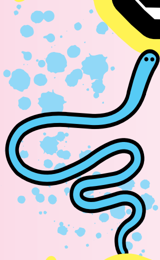
Idiot. Bulimia doesn't work. Any weight loss is fleeting and the pendulum swing of binging and purging ensures equilibrium. You lose no weight, gain esophageal scorching and route canals. Go back to sanity and being way less jaundiced.

25

To your new food regimen, your body retorts with a room-clearing flatulence that strips paint off walls. You are forced to take a leave of absence from work and stop eating anything altogether. **POOT OVER TO STEP 27.**

26

You're super angular. Devoid of fluid, you're like You Jerky. Now you have everything but you seem to have misplaced your period. Your ovaries are as useful as ball bearings. **RATTLE BACK TO STEP 23.**



3

"Zaftig", "Rubenesque", "strapping"– all euphemisms for the fact that you need to get Maria Callas on that ass. Start scouring the Internet for Tape Worm pills. Simultaneously eat raw calf's liver for live worms. Feel queasy and proactive all at the same time. **GO TO STEP 12.**

4

Time to attempt the Atkins diet. Even if the good doctor himself croaked from a big fat heart attack. You eat your last bagel. You eat it in a croissant. A croissant smeared with baked ziti. After the tears subside, **GO TO STEP 10.**

5

Discouraged but steadfast, you settle on Bulimia. You've always had a talent for inconspicuous yakking. And it's the one diet that lets you eat tater tots and bear claws. Perfect. Which you too soon will be. **GO TO STEP 9.**

6

You don't need to lose weight, you'd just like to be a size 00. For the love of palindromes. Eat a large mustard-doused pickle for lunch, washed down with a liter of green tea. Repeat at dinner with the addition of 22 olives and 11 raw almonds. Arrange on plate with Rain Man precision. Wonder why you're alone. **GO TO STEP 11.**

7

Who needs sex when you have Ketosis? That morale-killing, thigh-swelling moisture hatefully residing in your body is finally leeching out. You are cranky but the contentment of those around you is not of your concern. Skinny people are selfish. Time to act the part. **GO TO STEP 21.**

14

Despite the delicious recipes outlined in your Atkins handbook, in 30 days your laziness has relegated you to exclusively eating flash-frozen chicken and plastic envelopes of fish. The guy you're seeing no longer calls. You suspect it's because your house smells like feline vagina. **GO BACK TO STEP 7.**

15

You need to eat something. In keeping with the fashionable '90s theme of your Wayfarer Ray Bans and lamé leggings, try the Cabbage Soup Diet. The roughage will be restorative. **GO TO STEP 25.**

16

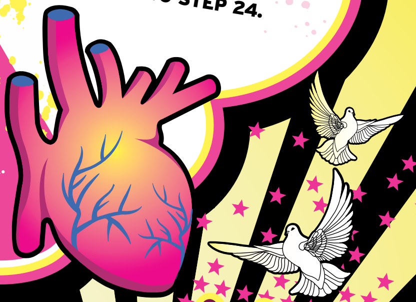
Despite the PR stunt buying you 13 days of Rexi peace, your capitulation fills you with self-loathing. You ate high fructose corn syrup. In public. Candy-flip Clenbuterol with Adderall so you can focus in Pilates Reformer class. **ROLL UP TO STEP 18.**

17

Like the newly improved (skinny) Hilary Duff you get big caps on all your teeth. Performing fellatio is out of the question because your mouth is a medieval torture device. Besides, doesn't semen have calories? You're forced to be celibate and your jacket still doesn't fit. **SOLDIER ON TO STEP 24.**

18

You're so emaciated, your shoulder blades threaten to saw through the crépe-papery skin of your back and your heart rate is like the beating of a hummingbird's wings. Yup, you're passing out. **REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS AT STEP 15.**



19

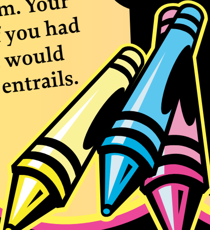
Habitual toying with your stomach acid has left the bilious sulfur at a pH that dissolves spork. Unfortunately your molars have met with the same fate. **GUM YOUR WAY BACK TO STEP 17.**

20

Assholes, like your friends and family, are becoming "concerned." Fast 48 hours to prepare for a sufficiently publicized In-N-Out Burger meal. Get a Double-Double, Animal Style. **RETREAT TO STEP 16.**

27

An aerial view of your home shows you lying prostrate on the ground. The same cuts away to your Tréo in the other room. Your blood sugar is too low to get up. If you had a loyal dog with a strong back, he would by now, be feasting on your fetid entrails. You died for this diet shit. Loser.



28

Months later, you are so hungry you are walleyed. Focus on the nice lady who gives you a crayon to draw an outline of what you think you look like on the wall. You draw Alaska. She pats your head and you return to playing with your hospital smock. Which you will do for eternity.

Totally Unrealistic PERFECTION

SIZE 00 IMPOSSIBLE!

Crazy Like a FOX

INSIDE THE MIND OF YOUTUBE PHENOM LITTLELOCA

WORDS: **ROB BRINK**
PHOTOS: **AMANDA LOPEZ**

Twenty-two year old Stevie Ryan looks like Sherilyn Fenn. This is hella distracting since I'm a lot obsessed with *Twin Peaks*. LittleLoca, on the other hand—Stevie's YouTube video blogging, virginity-bearing, 4.0 GPA-having, dark lipstick and hoop earring-rocking, opinionated-yet-irresistible chola alter-ego—does not. But she's ridiculously hot, too. Sure, critics are gonna be critical saying Stevie, a white girl, is getting all racialist portraying a Latina, but she swears up and down that Loca is an homage. Stevie jocked the shit outta the Latin girls she went to high school with in Victorville, California. A town where the 24-hour Wal-Mart had to change its hours of operation due to crime, where the per capita income is just shy of $15,000, and where Ms. Ryan—like a whole slew of ya'll—started loving that dark lipliner.

Since LittleLoca's vlogs beelined to YouTube's "Most Viewed" list with 69 videos at the end of 2006 and over 4 million views, Ms. Ryan has not only garnered the cover of *Inside MySpace Magazine* and a *New Yorker* article, but has also gotten Hollywood recognition, with super-official, big willie, Tinsel Town management. Stevie and LittleLoca have been in the game for a minute though, with a few independent films like *Sell Out* and *Rhapsody,* a rumored Crispin Glover collaboration, and an appearance in Billy Idol's latest music video already in the portfolio. Now she's wrapping up *Locamotion Derailed*, a LittleLoca short that she wrote, produced, directed, and starred in. In anticipation of her new project, we chased down our homegirl and got this exclusive interview from the set, where LittleLoca dropped sage science about Jesus, Nutty Block Crips, and why Ricky Ricardo could get it.

We've noticed that your mole moves in every episode. Is this a public service commentary about melanoma being the most preventable form of cancer?
It ain't a mole, fool. It's a beauty mark! It's a little angel kiss. But seriously, melanoma *is* the most common form of cancer for people between the ages of like, 20 and 29. It's the most serious form of cancer in the USA and in 2006 there were 62,000 cases. People better check themselves before they wreck themselves. That was a PSA for you right there.

Whoa. Nice stats. Where do you go to college?
I'm up by USC.

Adderall in moderation for studying purposes? Yay or nay?
Oh, no, no, no, no, no. I'm not even down with Tylenol. Loca's tryna keep it all clean.

That's good; you're a positive influence on America's youth.
It's just that I'll turn like, retarded. I'll even get like I'm poisoned. I'll start throwing up and it's like, my body just rejects anything like that, you know?

On the subject of upchuck, in *Cooking with Loca, and Many Shout Outs,* you get hella culinary. No disrespect, but what self-respecting Latina makes quesadillas in the microwave?
I gotta be doing homework! If I had time, I'd probably be cooking it up but I gotta be worrying about making those straight As, you know?

What did you get on your SAT verbal?
I got an 800, homeboy!

High five! Me too. So, we all know that hateration is the fuel of the jealous, but why do you think you have so many haters?
Why did Jesus have so many haters?

Why *did* Jesus have so many haters?
People don't like what they don't understand. I don't hate anybody.

Not even Paris Hilton, who goes on YouTube as therealparis?
Paris Hilton? Homegirl needs to get up off YouTube. I don't know why she's on there. She's already on everything. How you gonna be carrying a can of wine and be telling me things? It's like, Take your big ol' size 11 feet and march 'em off. These celebrities…they just wanna come up and steal everything from anybody that has anything. Damn!

And what's your beef with J. Lo?
You know what? Its not that I have beef with J. Lo, but seriously, that girl, she says she's "Jenny from the block," but she's Jenny that went *around* that block. She's had so many damn boyfriends and husbands in Hollywood. I just wouldn't want to be called that, you know? Don't try to put me in the hoodrat category or whatever.

Speaking of, ahem…loose women, you are not one. In fact, you're hymenally intact. Tell us, what Hollywood hottie could get that V card and why?
You know what? I think everybody is gonna expect me to say something stupid…Johnny Depp or Brad Pitt or something, you know? But nuh-uh. I ain't following all of these wicked waymen of the world into all their nastiness…no one is gonna get this [like that], I'm using it for what it's made for—to multiply.

Oooookay. Do you have *any* Hollywood dreamboat crushes?
Um, let's see, I woulda hooked up with Ricky Ricardo. It's just that I don't feel these guys in Hollywood. They aren't very manly, you know? They're all like little bitches—all of them. So it's hard.

Not into the metrosexuals?
Hell naw, I'm into a man. A manly man. I'm not about to have somebody that's gonna cry to me. Talk about how they need to go wax the middle of their eyebrows, tryna borrow my tweezers... Shoot.

How many bandanas do you have?
I lost count after 420. I don't know. A lot though, every color.

Heh….420…Um so you're always shot in black and white. Is this so we can't tell what colors you claim? Or is it some West Coast Rap All-Stars unity sh*t like, "We're All In the Same Gang"?
Naw, it's to keep it old school. Keeping the roots of film. Paying respect to the veterans of filmmaking. Everything used to be in black and white and I'm just bringing it back.

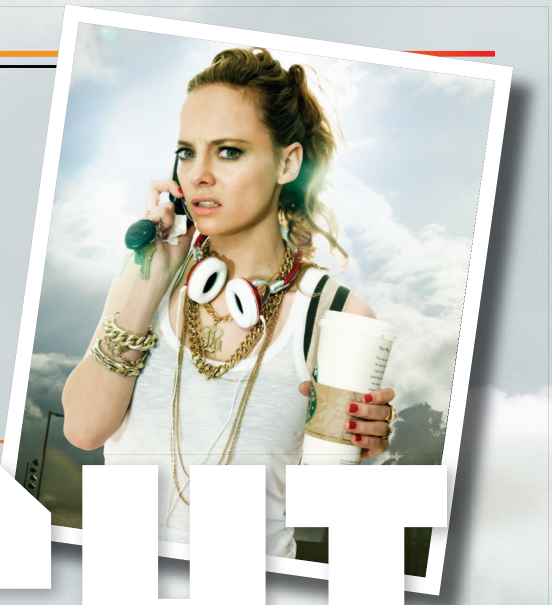
Yeah but you're a persuasive, articulate girl living in LA. What would you do to ease tension between the Piru Bloods and the Nutty Block Crips?
Exactly! I live in LA so you know damn well I ain't gonna mention nothing about no Piru Bloods and no Nutty Blocks, 'cause, like, I ain't even gonna go near that tension. I ain't even trying to give any advice to them.

Channeling James Lipton, what's your favorite curse word?
The word "curse" is derived from "pronouncing a curse on a person," like the curse by God denouncing the serpent. So cursing by supernatural powers is a bad thing and a real believer should be known by the fruits of their spirit and from their walk with Christ and not by cursing, so I'm gonna leave it at that.

Whoa, that's deep.
That's what Loca is. I ain't a shallow person, fool. ★

STYLING BY **VJERA K.**
BRA TOP BY **VPL** & A TANK TOP
BY **PARK VOGEL**. JEWELRY
IS STYLIST'S OWN

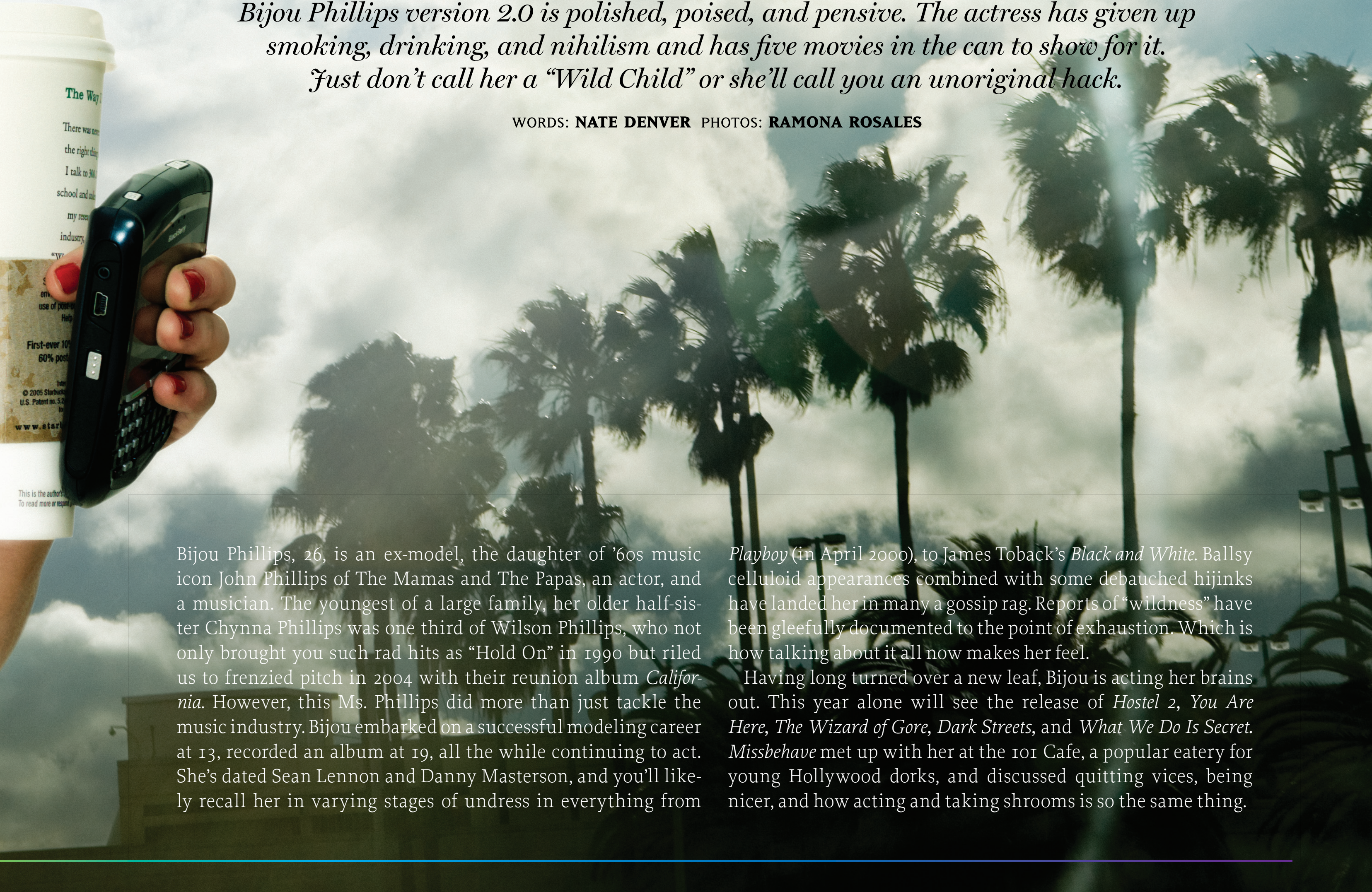
HAIR: TAMERA (SOLO ARTIST) MAKEUP: REYNA PECOT (ENNIS,INC.)



the Kid is ALRIGHT

Bijou Phillips version 2.0 is polished, poised, and pensive. The actress has given up smoking, drinking, and nihilism and has five movies in the can to show for it. Just don't call her a "Wild Child" or she'll call you an unoriginal hack.

WORDS: **NATE DENVER** PHOTOS: **RAMONA ROSALES**



Bijou Phillips, 26, is an ex-model, the daughter of '60s music icon John Phillips of The Mamas and The Papas, an actor, and a musician. The youngest of a large family, her older half-sister Chynna Phillips was one third of Wilson Phillips, who not only brought you such rad hits as "Hold On" in 1990 but riled us to frenzied pitch in 2004 with their reunion album *California*. However, this Ms. Phillips did more than just tackle the music industry. Bijou embarked on a successful modeling career at 13, recorded an album at 19, all the while continuing to act. She's dated Sean Lennon and Danny Masterson, and you'll likely recall her in varying stages of undress in everything from *Playboy* (in April 2000), to James Toback's *Black and White*. Ballsy celluloid appearances combined with some debauched hijinks have landed her in many a gossip rag. Reports of "wildness" have been gleefully documented to the point of exhaustion. Which is how talking about it all now makes her feel.

Having long turned over a new leaf, Bijou is acting her brains out. This year alone will see the release of *Hostel 2*, *You Are Here*, *The Wizard of Gore*, *Dark Streets*, and *What We Do Is Secret*. *Missbehave* met up with her at the 101 Cafe, a popular eatery for young Hollywood dorks, and discussed quitting vices, being nicer, and how acting and taking shrooms is so the same thing.

DRESS BY **MISSONI**
JEWELRY BY **KENNETH COLE,** BELT AND BAG ARE STYLIST'S OWN.

You're basically the classic triple-threat. You make music, you've modeled, and you're an actress. Which do you prefer?
When you're doing music you have so much control over the process—you write your own material and the producer asks you what you want, because it's your vision. You wear every hat and it's really empowering and makes you feel really good. Acting at the same time is an almost demoralizing experience. You don't write it, you don't direct it, you really have no say. They yell cut, you go home, and it goes to the editing room. You're just sort of on the cross, like, I'll give you my best. You have no more say after that. You have no control, and I want to have more control in my life right now.

Demoralizing is a strong word.
Well, that's probably the wrong word. I should look up demoralizing in the dictionary.

Well, it's definitely negative. Why continue to act?
What I like about movies is there's an instant gratification. You read the script, go in, get the part, make it a couple weeks later, and you're done in two months. Then it comes out in six months and you're on to the next one. I don't spend too much time getting so invested that [the results] could kill or really destroy me emotionally. I have five coming out this year, if one of them doesn't do well or one does, whatever. I have enough things happening that not one single thing can hurt me. It's having my cake and eating it too. I get to be creative and artistic and get that *thing* out that you want to get out when you're acting—that thing you get that high from. I can get that, but I also save myself for myself a little bit.

So you're gonna be in *Hostel 2* this summer with Eli Roth…
I love Eli. He's been making movies since he was a little kid. He'd make home videos where he'd cover his little brother in fake blood. They made a movie where they had one kid in the car doing the gas pedal and steering wheel and then they put the dog sitting with his paws up, pretending to drive the car. Neighbors drove by and saw just the dog driving, but didn't see the kids filming at the end of the street. Isn't that amazing?

That's awesome. What's this other movie, *The Gore Wizard*?
The Wizard of Gore. That one I'm nervous about. It's Crispin Glover as the wizard, and he does, sort of like a Siegfried and Roy wizard, he's got a white suit with tails and a codpiece, like a really big codpiece.

Just in case.
Just in case. He's all big! And he's Crispin! I'm excited for it, but the movie I'm most excited about is this one called *Dark Streets*. It's a musical set in the 1940s and it's great. It's crazy and twisted. [*Bijou pauses to focus on something in her hand*].

Dude, what are you doing?
Uh, I'm quitting smoking, so I'm chewing these lozenges. I'm just figuring out how best to do them.

What made you quit?
I quit for nine months and then I started dipping.

Wow, that's gross.
Yeah, it's really gross. Well, my boyfriend dips, so I was like, Let me try it, and got addicted. Then I started smoking [again]. I've been meaning to quit, so I bought the lozenges. Hopefully it'll stick.

So tell me more about *Dark Streets*.
I play this sort of recovering junkie/jazz singer chick. I wrote a bunch of music for it that's on my MySpace page.

You're starring in a mix of independently-released films and some blockbuster types as well. How do you define success in your films and music? Do you determine the success of a piece by the public's response or by your own standards?
Oh, I find success on my own when I see the project, but if a film or record does well, you get to make more of your art. The art is not just in making that record. Every time you go onstage, every time you perform, you're [contributing to] that art. If your record doesn't do well commercially, you're not gonna get to make that art for much longer. I want to continue making art and success begets itself.

Very true. So do you like animals?
Yes.

Which ones?
Horses, chihuahuas, cats, um, what else? Goats.

Goats? I like sheep. I like how wool feels.
I know, sheep are amazing. They're very wise.

Wise? How so?
You can tell when you look in their eyes that they're looking at you, and you can teach them to sit, jump over stuff, or follow you.

Oh, I didn't know that.
You can teach them a bunch of stuff.

Weird. Why do you have so many movies coming out this year?
This past two years I've been working really hard. I did *Bully* and then I took a year off. My dad passed away and I moved to a farm, got a lot horses, and chilled out. I didn't want to deal. Then I was living in New York but it's hard to get work in New York, so I moved to LA.

That must've been rough. Now that you're living in LA, do you have any insight for young actresses?
Study acting before you come. Take acting in school, at camp. Try to get into a performing arts school and prepare yourself. Do a lot of theater and put yourself out there. You have to be really dedicated, because it's gonna take a while.

Aside from professional advice it seems like a lot of young starlets get dough and go nuts leading an insane lifestyle. What's the deal with that?
I was more insane before I was an actor than once I became an actor. I feel I can maintain a more sane lifestyle acting than I can as a musician.

Your management doesn't want me asking about your "younger days." What could they possibly be referring to?
I don't know.

So you don't know if they're referring to your crazy partying days as a teen?
I don't really want to talk about it.

Ha. You're shooting eye-daggers at me.
I don't mean to, but that was over a decade ago. It's not that I care— I'll talk about it all night. There are just more important things in my life now. I feel like when journalists write about it they're just being lazy.

Okay, let's be friends again. Your checkered past is pretty well documented...
It just seems so repetitive and mundane. Literally three [magazine] covers came out last year with "Wild Child" on them.

How do you live your life now? Do you have a creed or anything like that?
I'm struggling with that. On one hand I believe in right and wrong and honesty and integrity. But there's still this part of me that's a nihilist and I don't understand why. I don't know enough about why we're here, what we're doing, what the deal is.

Whoa. Existential crisis. No one does, though.
I'm trying to figure out what makes sense to me and it's really complicated. All I know is when I do things that are negative to myself or to others, there's a karmic thing that happens. I feel like doing good things to people and myself, so good things happen in my life.

Doing good can't hurt.
Yeah, but it is against my nihilistic tendencies. So I'm struggling. Nihilism is good to point but you can't live like that. I'm struggling with what it all means and what I have to do. I think about that...

Actively?
I do think about it a lot, I get confused about it. I don't drink and I don't use drugs, so I have a lot of time.

You don't do these things at all?
I just don't. I'm not in AA or anything. I'm a lot happier. And I have a great time, I go out and I dance all night and hang out with my friends and they're all wasted and I always drive.

Really? That's great. I hate hanging out with drunk people when I'm sober.
I get bored. At the beginning of the night when they're buzzed I have a great time but by the end of the night I'm like, Come on, where's your purse? Let's go! Mmm... I love this bread [*chewing*]. What's your favorite book?

***Paradise Lost*. Do you know that one?**
No.

It's by John Milton, it's about the demons in hell after they've been thrown out of heaven. Satan is presented as this powerful, romantic leader. It's great.
I'm reading *Of Human Bondage* right now. What's your second favorite book?

***The Magician's Nephew*.**
Did you ever read *The Fountainhead*?

No. I don't read Ayn Rand. Did you read *Atlas Shrugged* too?
Yeah, I loved it.

I almost called my first book *Atlas Thugged*.
Atlas Thugged? But then you have to read *Atlas Shrugged* first.

No I don't.
All right. What else do you want to talk about?

I like that recent deal of punk bands getting back together because I was too young to see them the first time around. You're in the Germs biopic, *What We Do Is Secret* where you play bassist Lorna Doom. What was that like?
[Germs guitarist] Pat Smear is amazing. He taught me to play

THIS PAGE: SHIRT & BACKPACK BY **JEREMY SCOTT,** SHORTS BY **DENIM OF VIRTUE**, JEWELRY BY **BETSEY JOHNSON**, SHOES & BELT ARE STYLIST'S OWN. OPPOSITE PAGE: GLASSES BY **RAY BAN**, RINGS BY **WHITE TRASH CHARMS**.

bass and we were in the rehearsal studio every day for three months, just learning to play. I learned like 25 songs. And I recorded all the bass lines. It was awesome, maybe the most awesome thing I've ever done. My fingers were destroyed, ripped up. At one point I had to superglue the skin back down with duct tape wrapped around my entire hand, so I could play.

That's pretty gangsta. You clearly love music. Why not get back into it?
I never wanted to be an actor, I wanted to make music. When I made my first record, [*I'd Rather Eat Glass*], in 1999, my label got sold to another label like two months after it came out. Two weeks later, that label got sold to another label. I just felt really unsafe and I kinda have this thing where I like to feel safe. I got really scared with music, because I didn't want to write for a year and put out a record and feel so much for it and not know what's gonna happen with it. You can only do so much and then it's up to whoever Joe Schmoe to make it happen. That freaks me out.

Sounds like you may have too full a plate to worry about that.
Yeah, I'm really excited. I have this other movie called *You Are Here* and it's sorta like *Go*. It takes place in LA and this guy has a crazy night and there's a million different peoples' version of the story. I play this crazy chick and her crazy version and she's nuts.

So it's like Kurosawa's *Rashomon*.
Yeah, it's a lot like *Rashomon*.

So tell me more about your creative process. How does it feel now that you're a little older?
Music and film have the same basic feeling. I find them very similar. When I'm by myself in my living room and working on a scene, I say the lines out loud. I get into it by myself to figure it out, and it's a meditative examination of your feelings and who you are and exploring the different areas of your mind. It's almost like taking a drug—like taking mushrooms or something crazy like that—because you open this door into your subconscious that you normally wouldn't be able to open. [Then] I'll have an almost euphoric awakening like, Oh my God, I really needed to say that in *that* way. All of a sudden it'll click and it'll be true for me, it'll be mine. It's this back door into who you are. It's awesome. It's the best thing ever. ★

Richard
WAN
1 2 3 1 2 3 1 2
NOW

HAIR BY RYAN TANIGUCHI

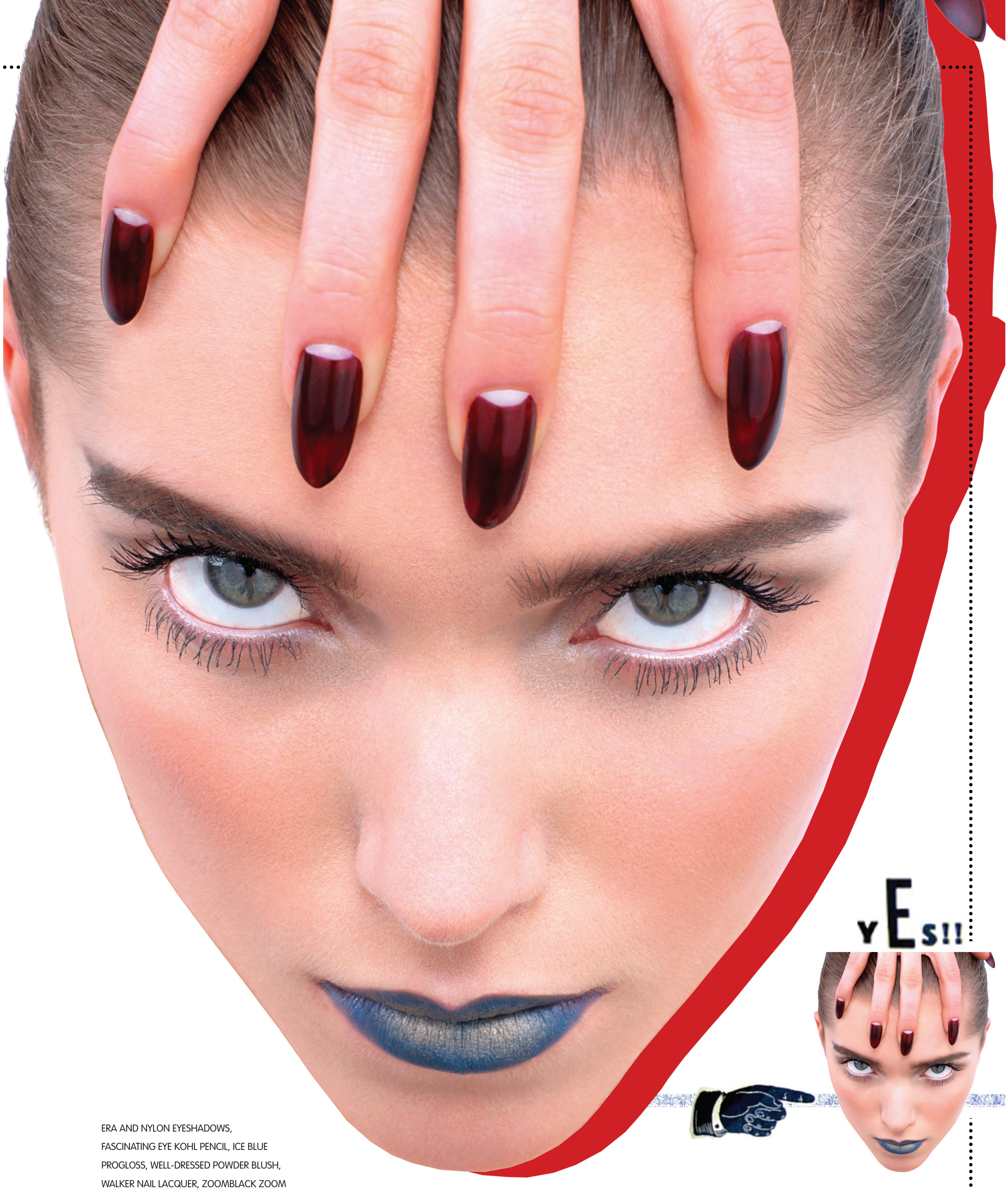
Gaga *for* DaDa

pastiche cosmétique

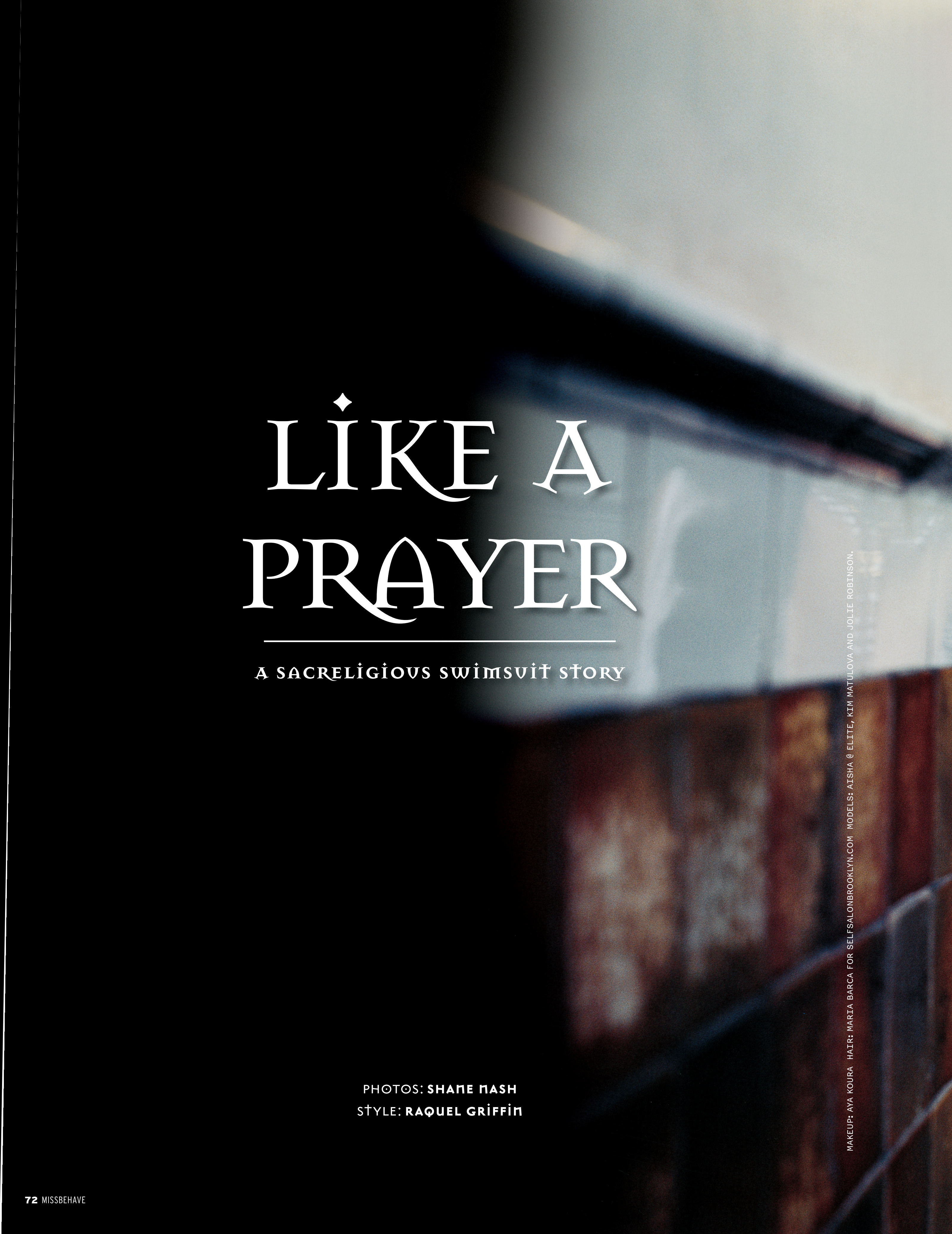
photos: **Maki Kawakita** *makeup:* **Romero Jennings**

FACING PAGE: MOISTUREBLEND FOUNDATION, STYLE POWDER BLUSH, TILT EYE SHADOW, FILM NOIR LIPSTICK, NOISY BLACK LOUD LASH MASCARA, ALL BY **M.A.C.** THIS PAGE: PREP + PRIME LASH PRIMER, VANILLA EYE SHADOW, WEDGE EYESHADOW ALL BY **M.A.C.**

BRIDESMAID NAIL LACQUER,
VINTAGE VAMP NAIL LACQUER,
GLEAM EYESHADOW, FLEUR POWER
POWDER BLUSH, GLAM LIPSTICK,
REDD LIP PENCIL ALL BY **M.A.C.**



ERA AND NYLON EYESHADOWS, FASCINATING EYE KOHL PENCIL, ICE BLUE PROGLOSS, WELL-DRESSED POWDER BLUSH, WALKER NAIL LACQUER, ZOOMBLACK ZOOM LASH MASCARA ALL BY **M.A.C.**



LIKE A PRAYER

A SACRELIGIOUS SWIMSUIT STORY

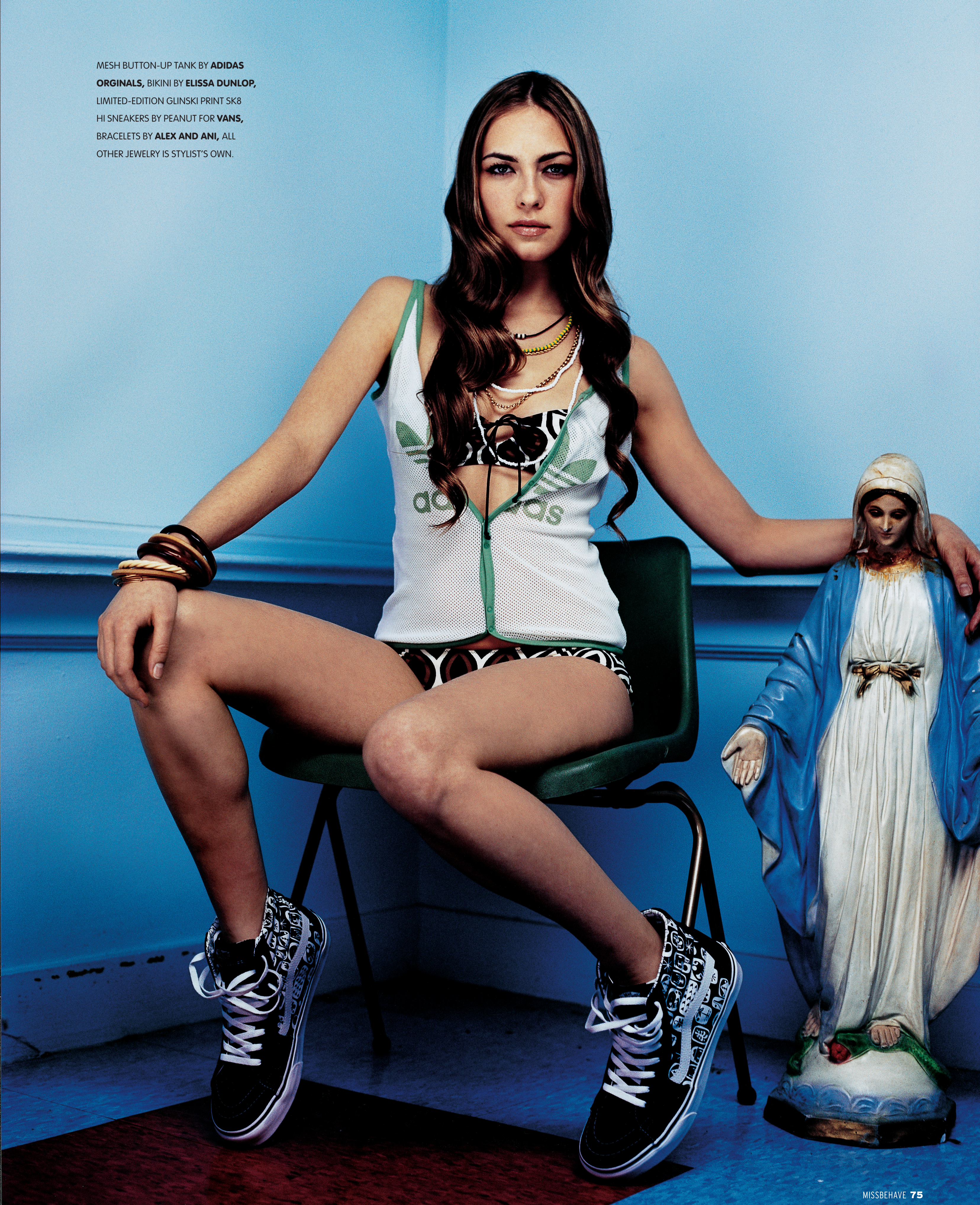
PHOTOS: **SHANE NASH**
STYLE: **RAQUEL GRIFFIN**

MAKEUP: AYA KOURA **HAIR:** MARIA BARCA FOR SELFSALONBROOKLYN.COM **MODELS:** AISHA @ ELITE, KIM MATULOVA AND JOLIE ROBINSON.

WHITE MESH TANK BY **ADIDAS BY STELLA MCCARTNEY,** COBRA-PRINT BIKINI BY **SALINAS,** BRACELETS AND EARRINGS ARE BY **ALEX AND ANI,** VINTAGE FENDI GLASSES, ROSARY, AND NECKLACES ARE STYLIST'S OWN.

LEOPARD-PRINT SWIMSUIT BY **MARA HOFFMAN,** FEATHER EARRING BY **ALEX AND ANI,** GOLD BAMBOO EARRING IS STYLIST'S OWN.

MESH BUTTON-UP TANK BY **ADIDAS ORGINALS,** BIKINI BY **ELISSA DUNLOP,** LIMITED-EDITION GLINSKI PRINT SK8 HI SNEAKERS BY PEANUT FOR **VANS,** BRACELETS BY **ALEX AND ANI,** ALL OTHER JEWELRY IS STYLIST'S OWN.



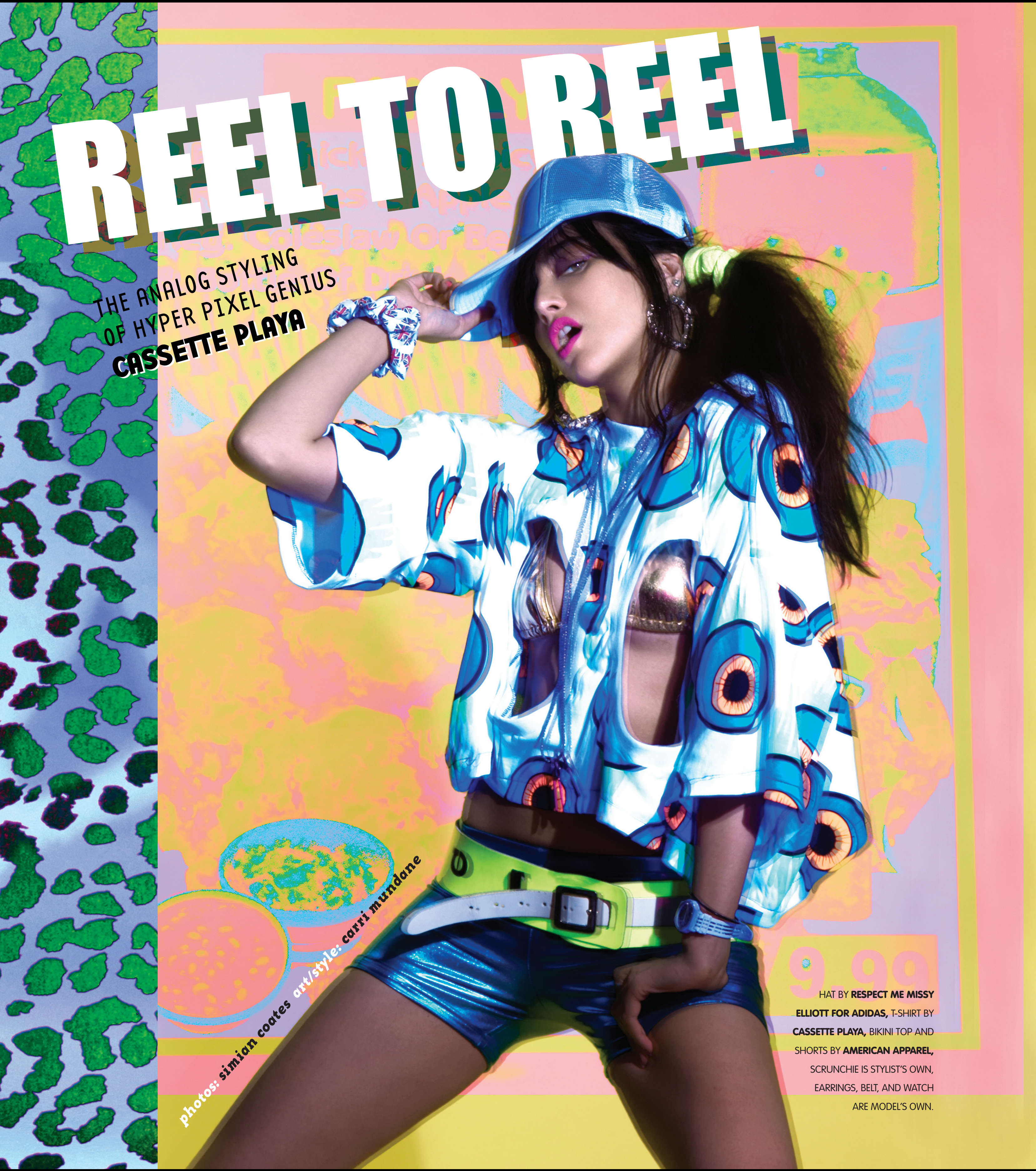
CROCHET BATHING SUIT
BY **ASHLEY PAIGE**, ALL
JEWELRY IS STYLIST'S OWN.

GREEN VARSITY TANK BY **ADIDAS ORIGINALS,** JUNGLE-PRINT BIKINI BY **MARA HOFFMAN.**

TRACK JACKET BY **ADIDAS ORGINALS,** BLACK CROCHET CUT-OUT ONE PIECE SWIMSUIT BY **ASHLEY PAIGE,** JEANS BY **NIKITA,** AIR JORDAN RETRO 3 SNEAKERS BY **JORDAN BRAND,** ALL JEWELRY IS STYLIST'S OWN.

REEL TO REEL

THE ANALOG STYLING
OF HYPER PIXEL GENIUS
CASSETTE PLAYA



photos: simian coates art/style: carri mundane

HAT BY **RESPECT ME MISSY ELLIOTT FOR ADIDAS,** T-SHIRT BY **CASSETTE PLAYA,** BIKINI TOP AND SHORTS BY **AMERICAN APPAREL,** SCRUNCHIE IS STYLIST'S OWN, EARRINGS, BELT, AND WATCH ARE MODEL'S OWN.

SHIRANI: MYSPACE.COM/SHIRANIBOLLE

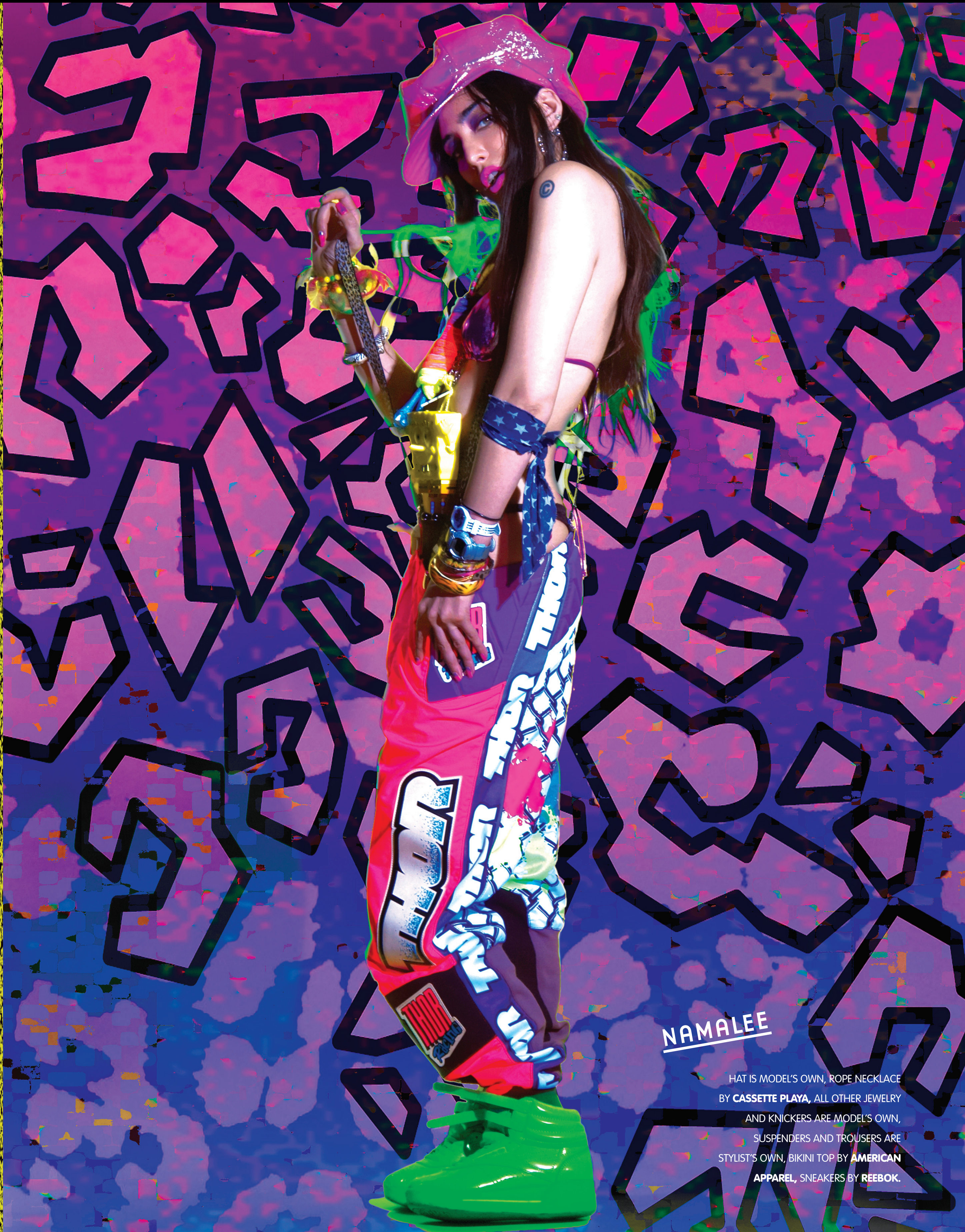
SHIRANI

CAP BY **BURBERRY,** SWIMSUIT BY **AMERICAN APPAREL,** NECKLACE BY **JC DE CASTELBAJAC,** DICE IS MODEL'S OWN, SHORTS AND JACKET BY **CASSETTE PLAYA,** EARRINGS AND SOCKS ARE STYLIST'S OWN, SNEAKERS BY **NIKE.**

TRACKSUIT AND NECKLACE BY **CASSETTE PLAYA,** SNEAKERS BY **NIKE.**

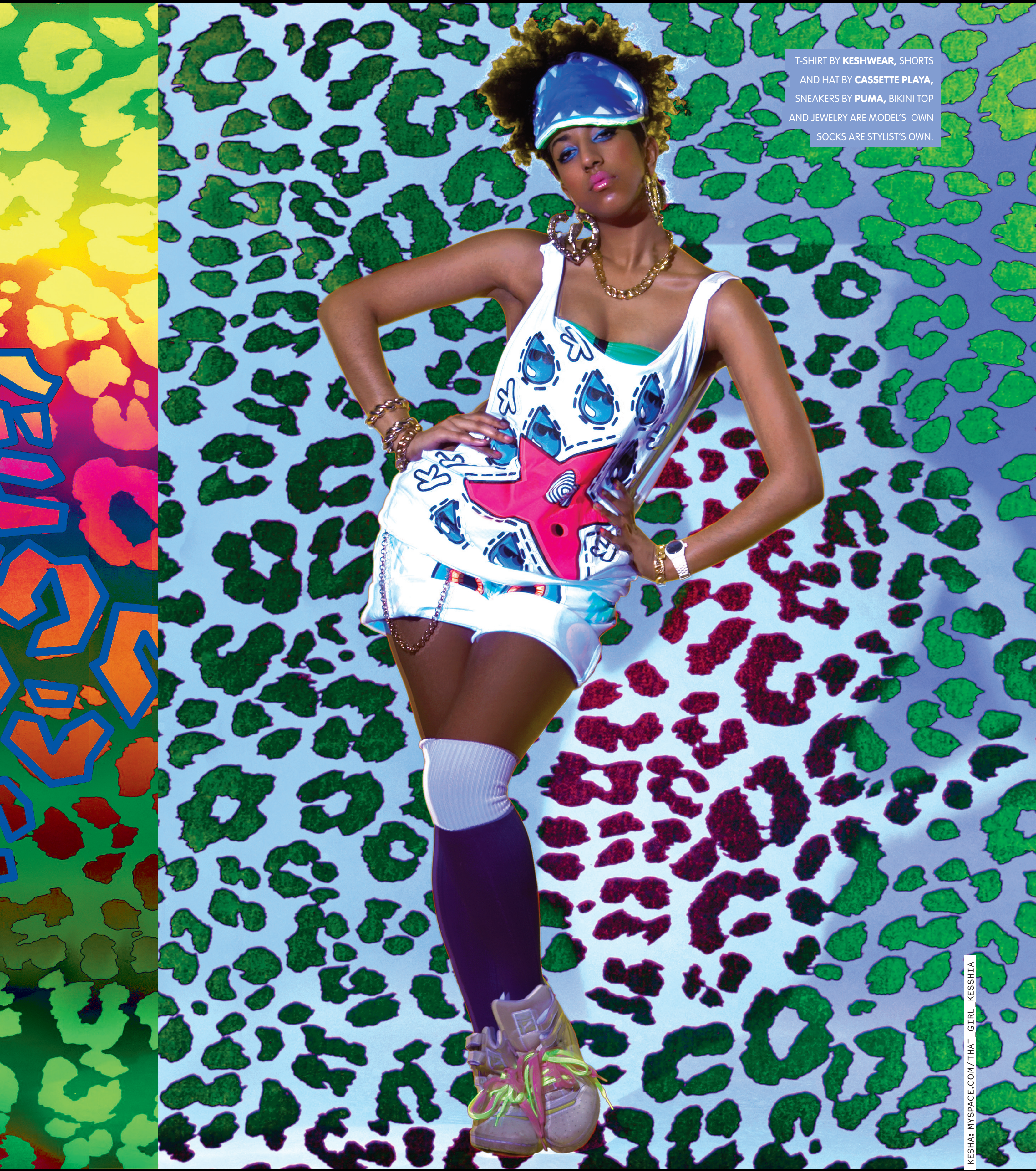
FAY: MYSPACE.COM/KTRONKILLER

NAMALEE: MYSPACE.COM/NAMALEE



NAMALEE

HAT IS MODEL'S OWN, ROPE NECKLACE BY **CASSETTE PLAYA,** ALL OTHER JEWELRY AND KNICKERS ARE MODEL'S OWN, SUSPENDERS AND TROUSERS ARE STYLIST'S OWN, BIKINI TOP BY **AMERICAN APPAREL,** SNEAKERS BY **REEBOK.**

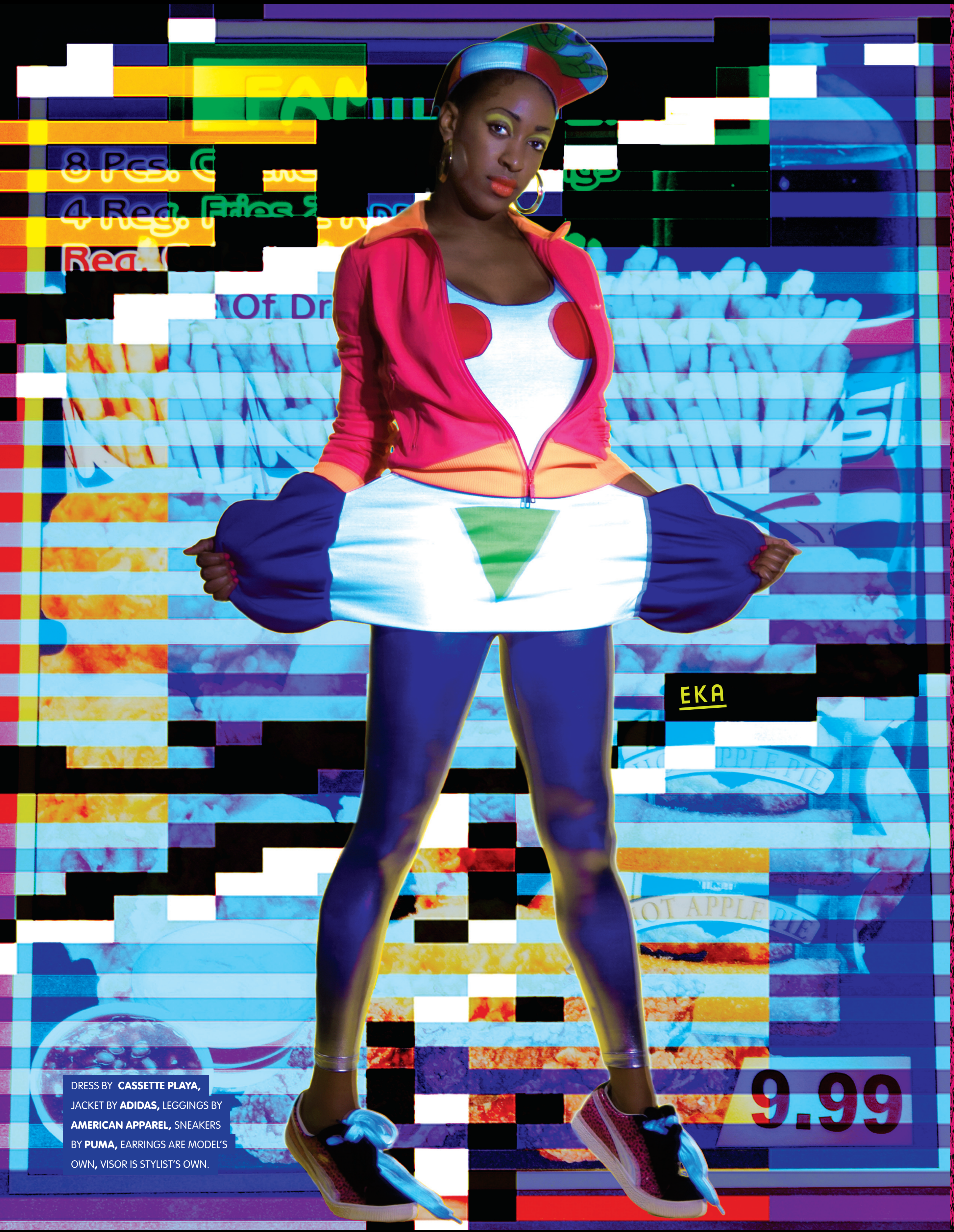


T-SHIRT BY **KESHWEAR,** SHORTS AND HAT BY **CASSETTE PLAYA,** SNEAKERS BY **PUMA,** BIKINI TOP AND JEWELRY ARE MODEL'S OWN SOCKS ARE STYLIST'S OWN.

KESHA: MYSPACE.COM/THAT_GIRL_KESSHIA

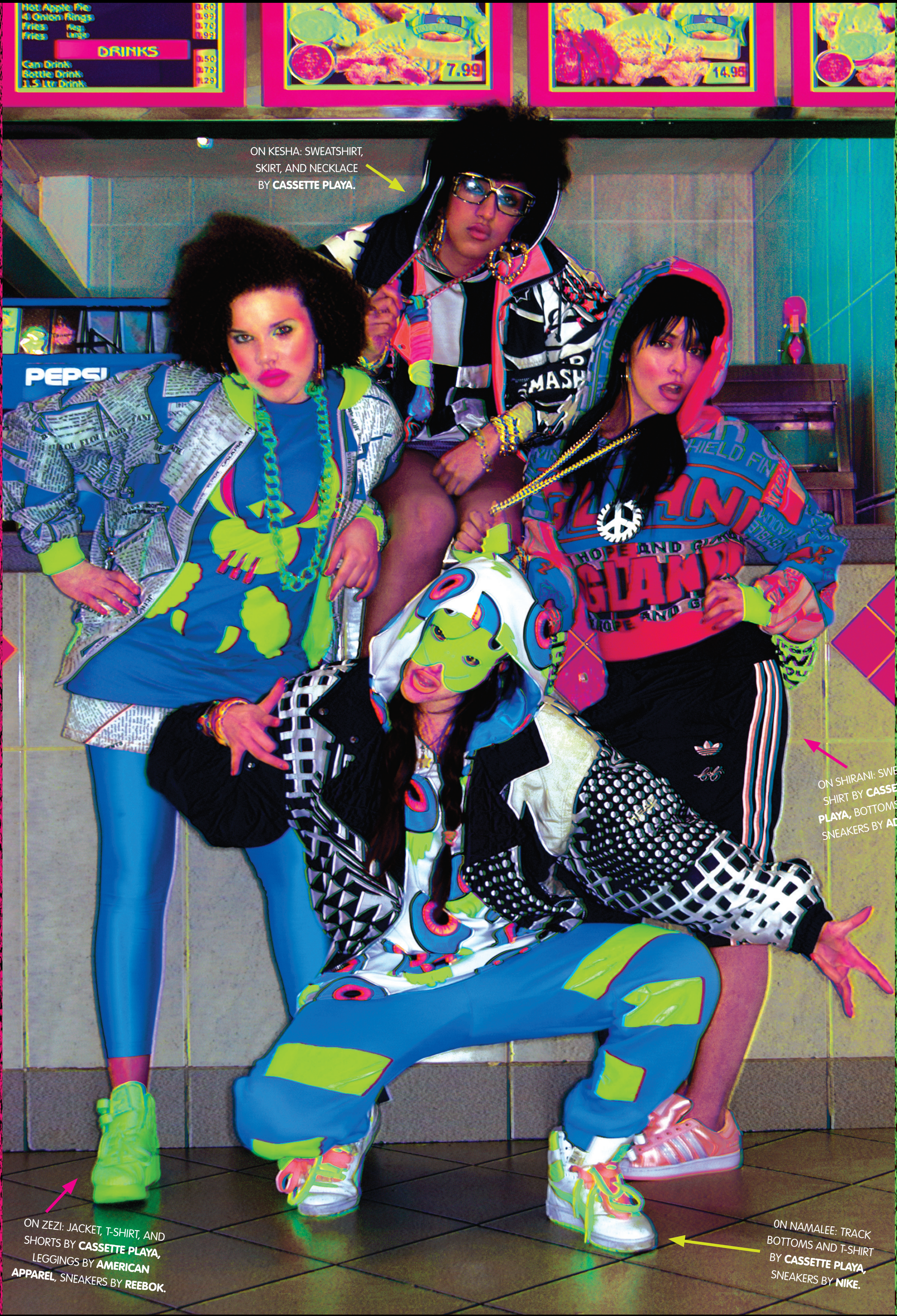
KESHA

VINTAGE DRESS, SWEATER, AND SHOES ARE STYLIST'S OWN. JEWELRY, GLASSES, AND BELT ARE MODEL'S OWN, PENDANT BY **SUPER SUPER.**


FAMIL
8 Pcs.
4 Reg. Fries
Reg.
Of Dr
EKA
HOT APPLE PIE
HOT APPLE PIE
9.99

DRESS BY **CASSETTE PLAYA,** JACKET BY **ADIDAS,** LEGGINGS BY **AMERICAN APPAREL,** SNEAKERS BY **PUMA,** EARRINGS ARE MODEL'S OWN, VISOR IS STYLIST'S OWN.

EKA: WWW.MYSPACE.COM/EKABROWNDY


Hot Apple Pie
4 Onion Rings
Fries
Fries
DRINKS
Can Drink
Bottle Drink
1.5 Ltr Drink
7.99
14.95
PEPSI
SMASH
HOPE AND GL
ADIDAS

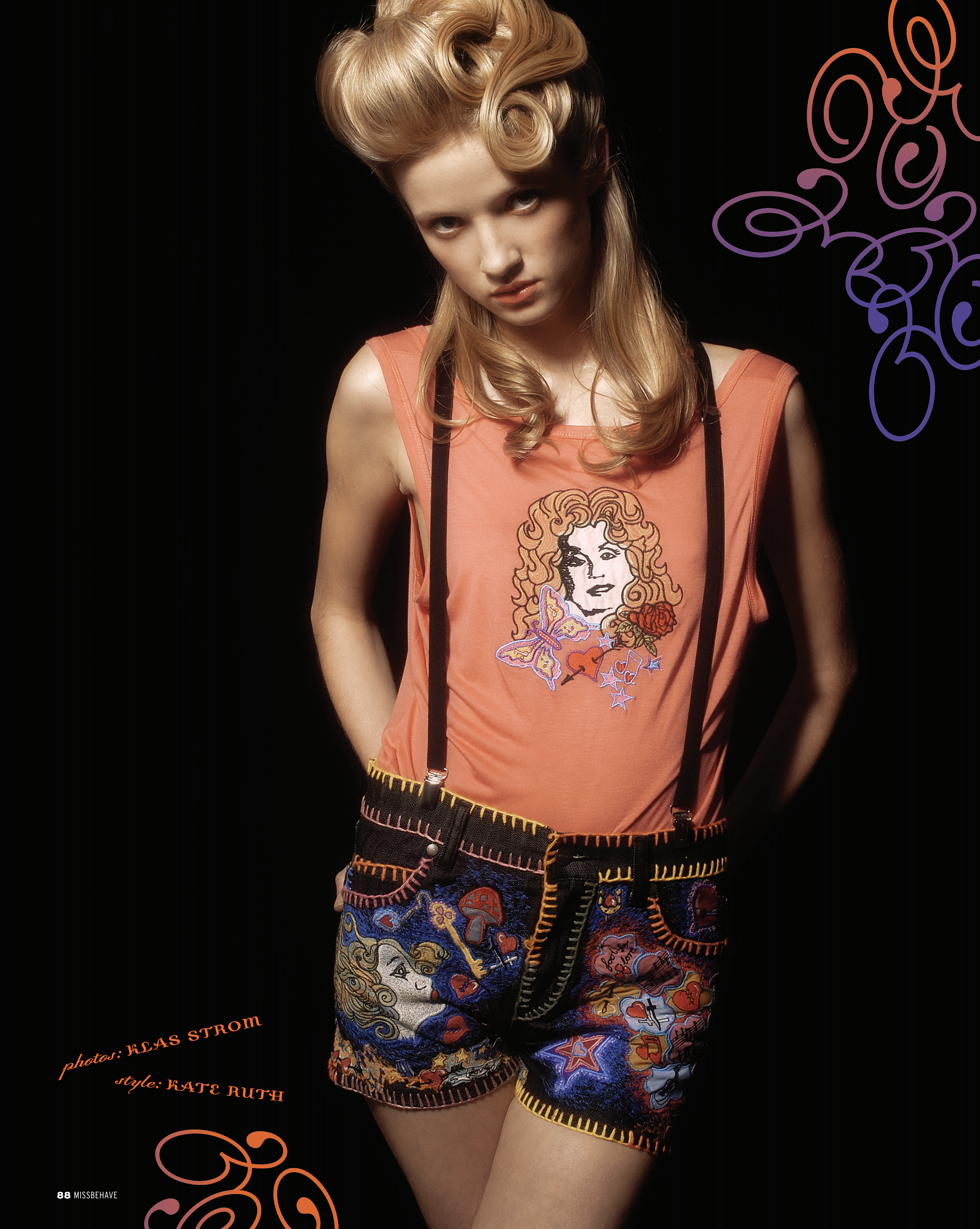
ON KESHA: SWEATSHIRT, SKIRT, AND NECKLACE BY **CASSETTE PLAYA.**

ON SHIRANI: SWEATSHIRT BY **CASSETTE PLAYA,** BOTTOMS AND SNEAKERS BY **ADIDAS.**

ON ZEZI: JACKET, T-SHIRT, AND SHORTS BY **CASSETTE PLAYA,** LEGGINGS BY **AMERICAN APPAREL**, SNEAKERS BY **REEBOK.**

0N NAMALEE: TRACK BOTTOMS AND T-SHIRT BY **CASSETTE PLAYA,** SNEAKERS BY **NIKE.**

MAKEUP: MICHAEL ASTON. **STYLE ASST.:** SUZI. **ZEZI:** WWW.MYSPACE.COM/ZEZITRON ALL UNCREDITED ITEMS ARE STYLIST'S OWN.



photos: KLAS STROM

style: KATE RUTH

chemical romance

CLASSIC BEAUTY IN BRASH FASHION

THIS PAGE: NECKLACE BY **CATERINA ZANGRANDO**
JUMPSUIT BY **JEREMY SCOTT LOVES KSUBI**
WHITE GLASSES BY **LINDA FARROW VINTAGE**
OPPOSITE PAGE: TOP AND SHORTS BY **LAURA LEES**
SUSPENDERS BY **TOPSHOP.**

THIS PAGE: T-SHIRT BY **KSUBI**

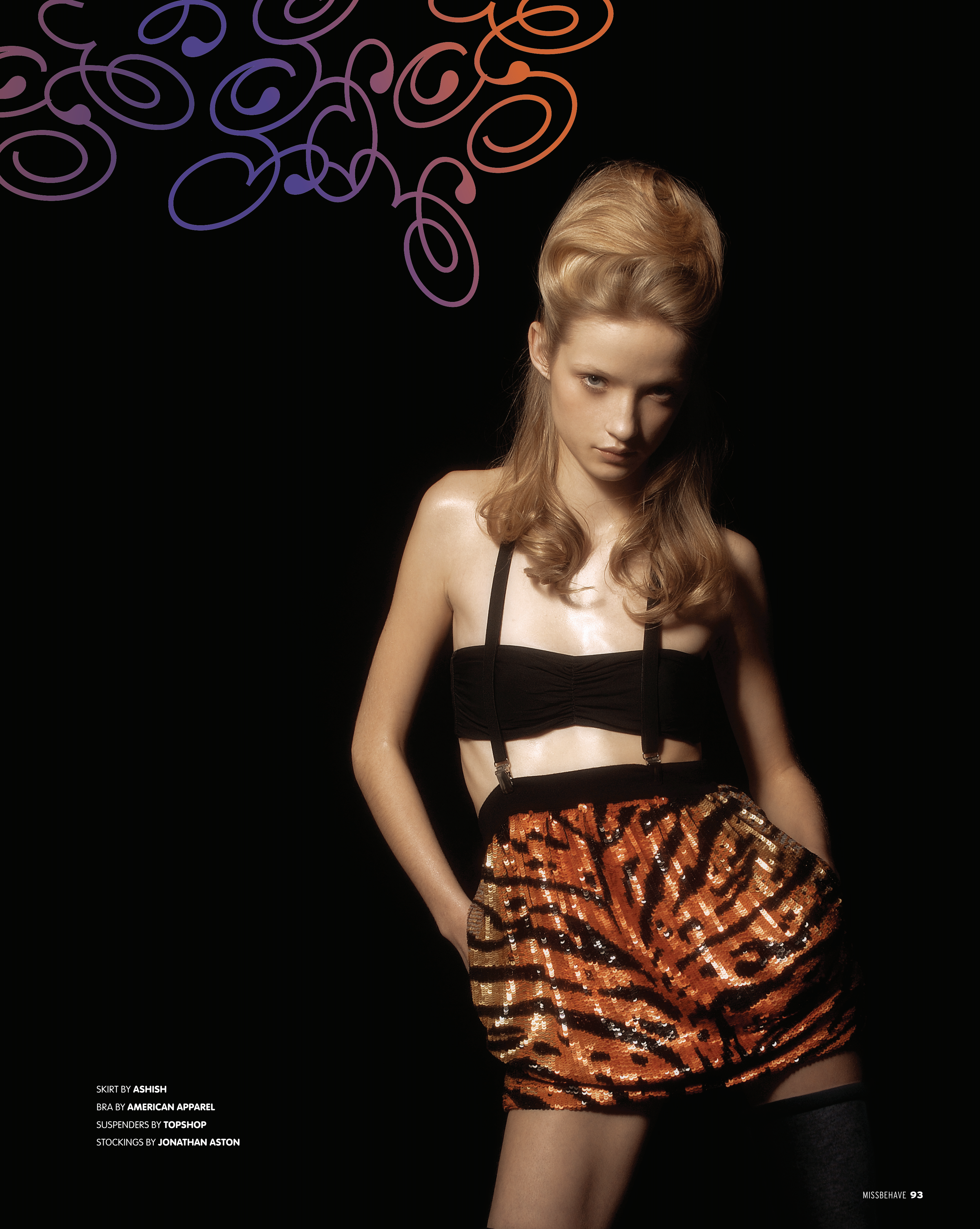
SUSPENDER SHORTS BY **DIAB'LESS**

HEADBAND BY **CATERINA ZANGRANDO**

STOCKINGS BY **JONATHAN ASTON**

OPPOSITE PAGE: GLASSES BY **KSUBI**

SWIMSUIT BY SOPHIA MALIG
T-SHIRT BY THE GAP
STOCKINGS BY JONATHAN ASTON



SKIRT BY **ASHISH**
BRA BY **AMERICAN APPAREL**
SUSPENDERS BY **TOPSHOP**
STOCKINGS BY **JONATHAN ASTON**

SKIRT WORN AS DRESS BY **NOM*D**
KNICKERS BY **ADIDAS**
BRA BY **AMERICAN APPAREL**
STOCKINGS BY **JONATHAN ASTON**

MAKEUP: TRACEY QUINN @ PHAMOUS
HAIR: KEIICHIRO HIRANO @ PHAMOUS
MODEL: ALEK @ NEXT

BUY IT NOW!

31 CORN LANE 31cornlane.com
55 DSL 55dsl.com
8IGHTY2WENTY 8020nyc.com
ADIDAS adidas.com
AIR JORDAN jumpman23.com
ALEXANDRE HERCHCOVITCH herchcovitchloja.com.br
ALEX AND ANI alexandani.com
AMERICAN APPAREL americanapparel.net
AROMAPHARMACY aromapharmacy.com
ASHISH ashish.co.uk
ASHLEY PAIGE ashleypaige.com
BB DAKOTA bbdakota.com
BETSEY JOHNSON betseyjohnson.com
BIJULES NYC bijulesnyc.com
BOOTS target.com
BORBA borba.net
BROOKLYN INDUSTRIES brooklynindustries.com
BURBERRY burberry.com
BURTON burton.com
CASSETTE PLAYA cassetteplaya.com
CATERINA ZANGRANDO caterinazangrando.com
CONVERSE converse.com
CREATIVE RECREATION cr8tiverecreation.com
DC SHOES dcshoes.com
DEBORAH LIPPMANN bathandbodyworks.com
DENIM OF VIRTUE denimofvirtue.com
DIAB'LESS diabless.co.uk
DR. JAY'S drjays.com
ECKO RED eckored.com
DIESEL diesel.com
DOLCE & GABBANA dolcegabbana.it
EENA MARIA eenamaria.com
ELISSA DUNLOP C. Ronson (212) 635-9074
ETNIES etniesplus.com
ETNIES GIRL etniesgirl.com
EVIL GENIUS youngandjelinek.com
FILA fila.com
FORNARINA fornarina.com
FRED FLARE fredflare.com
THE GAP gap.com
GIVENCHY COSMETICS sephora.com
GOLDIE bathandbodyworks.com
GRAFFITI PINK graffitipink.com
GREY ANT letrainbleu.com
GUESS guess.com
HABITUAL BY JOVOVICH-HAWK jovovichhawk.com
HANNAH S myhannahs.com
HARAJUKULOVERS harajukuonlinestore.com
HUDSON hudsonjeans.com
J.LO piperlime.com
JC DE CASTELBAJAC jc-de-castelbajac.com
JEREMY LOVES KSUBI NYC 212-334-4690
JEREMY SCOTT jeremyscott.com
JONATHAN ASTON jonathanastonusa.com
JUICE PLANNING juiceplanning.com
JUDI ROSEN goodbaduglynyc.com
KARMALOOP karmaloop.com
KENNETH COLE kennethcole.com
KESHWEAR myspace.com/that_girl_kesshia
KILLAH killah.it
KITSON shopkitson.com
KSUBI tsubi.com
LAURA LEES lauralees.co.uk
LESPORTSAC lesportsac.com
LETARTE BY LISA CABRINHA Bloomingdales
LINDA FARROW VINTAGE lindafarrowvintage.com
LIZ BACA gottagetthegoods.com
LOLA FATUROTI Inago, LA (310) 287-0687
LTD FORNARINA yoox.com
LUCIEN PELLAT-FINET lucienpellat-finet.com
LUXIRIE luxirie.com
MAC maccosmetics.com
MARA HOFFMAN marahoffman.com
MARC JACOBS marcjacobs.com
MARIA BONITA EXTRA mariabonitaextra.com
MEDICOM FABRICK wesoldout.com
MEDUSAS MAKEUP medusasmakeup.com
MIN-K mink-nyc.com
MISS SIXTY misssixty.com
MISSONI missoni.com
MORPHINE GENERATION morphinegeneration.com
MURAD murad.com
NIKE nike.com
NIKITA nikitaclothing.com
NOM*D nomd.co.nz
ONE LUCKY DUCK oneluckyduck.com
OLE HENRIKSEN olehenriksen.com
ORLANE neimanmarcus.com
PARK VOGEL parkvogel.com
PATRICIA FIELD patriciafield.com
PUMA puma.com
RAY BAN rayban.com
REEBOK rbk.com
ROCKET DOG rocketdog.com
REPORT reportshoes.com
SALINAS curvesnwaves.com
SELF SALON selfsalonbrooklyn.com
SHU UEMERA shuuemura-usa.com
SOPHIA MALIG concretelondon.com
SMASHBOX sephora.com
STEVE MADDEN stevemadden.com
STÜSSY stussy.com
SUGAR sephora.com
SUGAR SHOES sugarshoes.com
TELFAR telfar.net
TOPSHOP topshop.com
TRIPLE 5 SOUL triple5soul.com
TSUBI see Ksubi
WESC karamloop.com

MISSBEHAVE
Nelly Furtado
32
MISSBEHAVE
Lily Allen
SEX, DRUGS, & CHANEL
Want Revenge?
MISSBEHAVE
Bijou Phillips
Blows Up!
56
Plastic Surgeries
Jared Leto
Mickey Mouse
Alec Baldwin
Cassette Playa
Peter Max
Neo-Rave Makeup
Amy Winehouse

Snip and mail to: Missbehave Magazine, P.O. Box 5072, Brentwood, TN, 37024-9974

ONE YEAR FOR ONLY $9.95!

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY/STATE/ZIP
EMAIL (TO RECEIVE OUR NEWSLETTER)

☐ PAYMENT ENCLOSED
☐ BILL ME LATER
☐ CREDIT CARD
☐ AMEX ☐ VISA ☐ MC
CARD NO.
EXP.

PLEASE ALLOW 6-8 WEEKS FOR THE FIRST ISSUE TO ARRIVE.
OFFER VALID IN THE USA ONLY.
QUESTIONS? CALL 1-866-204-4703.

FOR EVEN ***FASTER*** SERVICE, SUBSCRIBE ONLINE AT MISSBEHAVEMAG.COM.

Visit...
www.Oxy
Cottontail
.com
OXY

cultistshop.com

Be it known that we, the greatest, are misthought.

- *Cleopatra*

FASHION GRAVEYARD
Name Skully
Case No. 003
Date of Death Spring 2007
Cause of Death Execution

PHOTO: Carlin Mayer

SKULLS

Dear Captain Jack Sparrow: It's official. It's time to deep-six yours and Sienna Miller's affection for skull and crossbone-riddled accessories. I mean, even our gorgeously troubled homegirl Lindsay is in constant violation of wearing the same tired scarf over and over again. Do we actually have to spell out that sacred relationship between fashion and fame? Fine.

Starlets with an abundance of exposure shall not henceforth be seen in any clothing or accessories more than once. Aforementioned rule obviously doth not apply to It bags and sunglasses which have a twice and thrice wearing shelf life respectively. What is this, amateur hour?

Captain Jack, you are likely working on your third movie by now. No doubt flagging box office numbers need to be bolstered with a *P.O.T.C 3*. But even if we never tire of mooning over Johnny Depp swashbuckling in gender-bending eye makeup, we simply can't take the fashion repercussions. Alexander McQueen swag notwithstanding. Skulls on T-shirts, canvas sneakers, belt buckles, watches, earrings, necklaces, socks, bags, and panties—it's simply too horrifying to bear. Its time to graciously give way to the Happy Face resurrection—and according to our Lisa Frank calendars, unicorns are about due for a comeback.

We're not blaming this whole thing on you. We were super into it when it first came out. Throwing around terms like Davy Jones' Locker and Buccaneer...and hell, we've certainly been known to blow a man down should occasion (and an expensive meal) call for it. So here's the deal: we've secured a lovely shady spot under a tree in Borough Park, Brooklyn. I know it's a little terrestrial, but it will prove a beautiful final resting place for this bad chapter in fashion skullduggery. We'll draw a map, stain it in tea, and just to be extra official, we'll burn the edges for effect. We'll get awesome papyrus from Kate's Paperie (none of that college-ruled binder paper crap). X will mark the spot. Then we'll hop in our car, drive fourteen miles in an as yet decided direction, and bury the damn map in an unmarked locale seven feet down so this trend can never be unearthed again. Comprende, Capi-tan?

Release your inner...
brilliant
happy
confident
strong
sexy
playful
talented
cute
ROCKET DOG
The world is yours. Walk all over it.
www.rocketdog.com

©2007. All rights reserved. The Rocket Dog trademarks are proprietary and owned by New York Transit Inc.

LIVE AT LEAST
55 SECONDS PER DAY
55DSL
t's Paradise
www.55dsl.com